

THE MONTH

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1936

	PAGE
COMMENTS.....	By the Editor 193
HIS HOUR—AND MINE (Verse)	By M. V. Garland 204
1688 AND ALL THAT, or, History through Liberal Spectacles	By James Brodrick 205
PAUL BOURGET.....	By Henry P. O'Neill 216
BEYOND THE RANGES.....	By Douglas Newton 223
HAMLET, OPHELIA—AND MR. WILSON.....	By William Bliss 233
THREE NEW POLTERGEIST TALES.....	By Herbert Thurston 242
THE CONVERSION OF WALES.....	By J. T. F. Williams 252
MISCELLANEA	261
I. Critical and Historical Notes.	
Everard Feilding: Some Tributes in Memory.	
The New Commonwealth of the Philippines.	
II. Our Contemporaries.	
REVIEWS	271
1. Dictionnaire de Spiritualité, Ascétique et Mystique. Fascicule V. Edited by P. Marcel Viller, S.J. 2. William McGarvey and the Open Pulpit: an Intimate History of a Celibate Movement in the Episcopal Church and of its Collapse, 1870—1908. By Edward Hawks, Priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. Foreword by His Eminence Cardinal Dougherty. 3. The Mystical Body of Christ in the Modern World. By the Rev. Denis Fahey, C.S.Sp., B.A., D.Ph., D.D. With a Prefatory Letter from the Most Rev. J. Kinane, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Waterford and Lismore.	
SHORT NOTICES	277
BOOKS RECEIVED	287

Literary Communications, Exchanges, and Books for Review should be addressed to The Editor of "The Month," 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1, and not to the Publishers: Business Communications to The Manager, Manresa Press, Roehampton, London, S.W.15, who also receives subscriptions (14s. per annum post free).

Articles submitted to the Editor should *always* be signed with the Name and Address of the Sender and include return postage.

All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.

SHEED & WARD

GATES OF THE CHURCH

C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

2s. 6d. net.

A Lenten Book which discusses the reasons why people in the Church leave it, and why others never enter it.

THE SPIRIT OF MEDIAEVAL PHILOSOPHY

ETIENNE GILSON

15s. net.

The Gifford Lectures in the University of Aberdeen.

THE GREATEST OF THE BORGIAS

MARGARET YEO

7s. 6d. net.

Grandson of an illegitimate son of a Pope, Viceroy of a Spanish Province, the father of eight children, General of the Jesuits, a Saint of the Church is, Mrs. Yeo reasonably contends, the greatest of the Borgias.

THE SECRET OF ST. JOHN BOSCO

HENRI GHÉON

Translated by **F. J. SHEED**

6s. net.

"... remarkable vignettes of the remarkable life which the Founder of the Salesians lived. . ."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"... a marvellously attractive figure . . . used his gifts of singing, conjuring and tight-rope walking to bring people to Christ."—*Guardian.*

SHEED & WARD, 31 Paternoster Row, E.C. 4.

THE MONTH

VOL. CLXVII

MARCH, 1936

No. 861

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

Fear over Europe

UNDER whatever pressure of circumstance, spurred by whatever international prospects, despairing, it seems, of collective security, our politicians showed by their debate on defence (February 14th) that they have definitely returned to the policy of competitive armaments which is bound, if continued, to lead to another war. Germany is bent on making herself as strong a military Power as possible, the more ominous because of the suppression of home dissent. Excuses are not lacking her—the injustice of Versailles, the growing might of Communist Russia. Italy has a million men under arms for her ambiguous “colonial” campaign. France sees her hopes of security fading away and desperately allies herself with anti-God Russia—a sinister repetition of the pre-War situation. Great Britain feels that she must try to keep up to an ever-rising level of armed might around her, if she is to maintain her weight in the world’s councils. Even the little Powers—Holland and Belgium—think themselves compelled to add to their defensive forces, though nothing they can do will add appreciably to their security. Fear, which the Scripture describes as “the abandonment of the succours of thought,” is the strongest motive behind all this costly and misdirected human effort—costly because out of all proportion to the result; misdirected because it can never produce the end aimed at. If the wave of a wand could make each nation two or three times as strong as it is to-day, none would be any the more secure: if, on the other hand, each became only half as strong as at present, none would be any less safe. These are the thoughts that fear banishes, just as in a theatre-panic fear banishes the knowledge that safety lies in order and self-control. Each for himself, *sauve qui peut*, must cause inevitable disaster in the international community as in a domestic crisis. If we banish fear, and take to thinking again, we shall realize that no nation in this crowded inter-

dependent world has a right to pursue any personal interest, such as armed security against aggression, in such a way as to make the others insecure. This is Christian common sense, doing as we would be done by. Yet the whole object of the fear-inspired Versailles Treaty, apart from the Covenant, was to seek security for the Allies by putting Germany into a position of permanent inferiority. We, forsooth, had a right to security, but she had not. Terrible, but how natural, has been the rebound.

Wanted, a Common Moral Standard

NOW, in spite of all bygone experience, fear is again in the saddle. Security is being sought, not only in increased armaments, but in partial alliances, contrary to the spirit of the League Covenant. Yet in essence there is no difference between a partial alliance to achieve security and the universal alliance for the same end contemplated by the League. There is the same cession of absolute sovereign rights in both, the same subordination of individual to common interest. All analogy in human history points to the final establishment of a common authority—to maintain the rule of law, to adjust rival claims and co-ordinate opposing interests in accord with a common standard of justice—as the term of the evolution of civilization. What has checked that natural evolution is precisely the absence in international councils of that common moral standard, which disappeared in practice four centuries ago from many national groups along with a common standard of belief. That moral standard, embodied in the Decalogue, is to-day expressly repudiated as a rule for international dealings by the Communist and Totalitarian States and, until those anti-Christian systems break down through their inherent rottenness, human progress will unhappily be checked, and we shall remain under the dominion of fear. The fact that the ideal of a League of Nations is wholly Christian is demonstrated by the contempt shown it by Governments which deify the State, and by their reluctance to see it really effective. We are convinced that it is not the ideal itself that makes the United States hold aloof from it, but the manifest selfishness of its more powerful members, few of which have ever embodied its spirit. No corporation can achieve its end, however desirable, the members of which are primarily and principally preoccupied

by their own self-interest. No particular national alliances, however much they claimed to be "within the Covenant of the League," should ever have been permitted, for they are an open admission of the inefficiency of the Covenant itself.

Re-armament in Measure

SO the League has not achieved security for its members or freed them from fear. We explained the reason, in considerable detail, in our January issue,¹ and need say no more here than plead that its failure hitherto may not be taken to discredit its aim. For it is the only approach to an organ of world-opinion that exists, and, in default of Christian sanctions, on world-opinion, that consensus of common humanity which utters sound final judgments, rests our only hope of extrication from the chaos which threatens us. Let us not scrap the machinery but rather find for it some sort of motive-power. Meanwhile, we need not succumb passively to the armament-boom. If the defences of the nation are to be strengthened at the cost of two or three hundred million pounds, let us see that this vast unproductive expenditure is not in any way wasted. The debate on defence, which is presently to be repeated when the money comes to be voted, revealed much uncertainty as to the relative worth of the means employed. Is any regard to be paid to "collective security"—the help we may count on from others? Shall we go on constructing battleships at £8,000,000 apiece, with £500,000 as annual maintenance, or rather concentrate on bigger and better bombers? Eleven of these floating fortresses are obsolete, so the question is important. Are we to organize the manufactures of the country for war—and incidentally impede their peace efficiency—and set up again the cadres for a "continental" army? Above all, shall we substitute a unified command, so as to prevent useless and costly competition for resources amongst the land, sea and air services? These questions should surely be settled before the wealth of the country is drawn on. Perhaps the Christian sense of the community—the workers, the ex-soldiers, Catholics and other religious bodies, those who really seek peace and pursue it—may raise an ulterior question, viz., should not the appalling menace of the "next war": nation fighting nation by means

¹ See "Christianity or Collapse: Reflections on the League of Nations," *THE MONTH*, January, 1936.

of poisoned air and water, with all past humanitarian limits to atrocity discarded, prompt a really serious effort to remove the causes, economic and political, of international friction? All agree that war settles nothing. The common people of the world, the voiceless multitudes on whom society rests, are one in their abhorrence of war, but having the same rational nature is not a really effective bond between them. There is only one universal society, the Catholic Church, which explicitly recognizes that its members have a higher and closer union than that due to humanity, or even to race and nationality, viz., association in the Mystical Body of Christ. On them should rest, from them should spread, if ever the peoples recover control of their destinies—the spirit of international peace.

Peace primarily a Catholic Interest

THIS Catholic sense of solidarity, grievously obscured by the disruption of Christendom, has now a chance of being regained when world-intercourse has been so greatly facilitated. During this century, periodic International Eucharistic Congresses have emphasized it, the spread of missionary interest has fostered it, the concern of the Church for her persecuted members has given it frequent expression. It is naturally most evident in the hierarchy. The Holy Father repeatedly addresses all his children. National hierarchies have given their support to their brethren in other lands oppressed by unjust legislation, as recently the American bishops have come to the aid of the Church in Mexico, and the English bishops the other day expressed their sympathy with the German. The danger from excessive nationalism is such that we should welcome much more of such intercourse, for, if modern warfare is a grievous injury to material prosperity, much more is it detrimental to the spiritual interests of the Church. We have often felt that if Catholics everywhere were earnest in promoting peace, the war-mongers of the world would be speedily checked, for in modern circumstances, short of the need of repelling actual aggression, it is impossible to imagine a war that is just; and unjust war is murder. We hope all Catholics do realize that, but certain utterances in this country make us doubt whether even yet the ethics of war and peace are understood by all the faithful. The Abyssinian war has raised a sufficiently clear moral issue, yet many Catholics are apparently trying to evade that issue,

on account of their own political or even their sentimental predilections. The pursuit of peace calls for absolute loyalty to the truth and real understanding of the implications of the moral law. It demands even more urgently a deep sense of justice, an all-embracing charity and an abiding conviction of human brotherhood.

Spanish Catholics caught Napping?

THE result of the Spanish elections on Sunday, February 16th, was a shock to Catholics everywhere, for it revealed, not the hoped-for further approach to national sanity and stability, but rather a sharp reversal towards red revolution. It is true that the conditions which made the history of the two first years of the Republic such a record of outrage and destruction have not fully returned, but Señor Azaña, the man responsible for that record, is again head of the Government, and the portent is so alarming that various prominent Spaniards with more discretion than valour have already gone into voluntary exile. In default of evidence to the contrary, one must conclude that the elections were fair and reflected the mind of the country: on that account the inference is either that the lessons of the previous Azaña regime have been lost on the Catholics, or that disunion amongst the latter has paralysed their efforts for sound government. In either case, one can only deplore that the main need of the moment—the freeing of the country from the menace of Communism—should have been lost sight of in the medley of lesser interests. The anti-revolutionary Right is composed of no less than eleven parties, whilst the Left have only five, and to that extent have consolidated their forces. But against Communism there should be only one party, the Catholic: no other issue, even loyalty to a dethroned dynasty, should be allowed to divide and weaken. Catholicism in Spain would seem to need a more thorough political education. It is tragic that considerable numbers of the working-classes should have got out of touch with the Church, on whose doctrines their rights are securely based. The mark of a living Church is that the poor have the Gospel—the Good Tidings—preached to them, but the Spanish proletariat are ignorant of those Good Tidings. Catholic Action is well organized in Spain, but only amongst the educated. The set-back of the election will, we trust, lessen apathy and stimulate unity amongst the

Catholic bodies. Not only in Spain does the Church Militant need to take the field with all her forces.

The Refugee Problem

ABOUT a year ago Mr. John Eppstein called attention in our pages to the hapless plight of the million or so refugees whom Bolshevik intolerance and other developments of Nationalism had driven, as permanent and penniless exiles, to find work or assistance in the different countries of Europe. They are to be found everywhere and were at first furnished with a sort of League-of-Nations citizenship by being provided with "Nansen" passports, and other means of moving in search of employment, but the League, desirous of freeing itself from emergency business of the sort, and faced by the impossibility of settling large numbers of strangers in lands stricken themselves by the plague of prolonged unemployment, decided, in 1928, to wind up the "Nansen International Refugee Office" in 1938 and to reduce its subsidy progressively. Naturally enough various Governments, in the interests of their own indigent citizens, have been withdrawing labour-permits from foreigners and sending them over their frontiers. Mr. Eppstein calculates there are more than a million of these hapless folk, about 800,000 of them Russians, without home or country or adequate means of livelihood, put into prison in some cases as vagrants, and kept alive only by precarious charity. To them must be added some 80,000 people for whom has been created, but not as an organ of the League, a "High Commission for Refugees (Jewish and others) coming from Germany," the President of which, Mr. J. G. McDonald, an American, resigned his office on December 28th on the grounds that the problem was too vast to be solved otherwise than internationally. In any case, his Commission was not intended to continue beyond January of this year. Meanwhile, prominent British and American Jews have met to raise funds for the settlement elsewhere of 100,000 German Jews—a plan which will do much to ease the situation. The League is considering the possibility of continuing in some other form the assistance hitherto given by these two bodies, but it has no enthusiasm for the work. Yet surely Christians should be no less concerned for these helpless "victims of nationalism" than the Jews are for their persecuted co-religionists.

President Roosevelt and Mexico

AKINDLY correspondent has demurred to our assertion in last issue that Catholic opinion in America condemned the President's reticence concerning the persecution of the Church in the neighbouring Republic of Mexico, pointing out that several eminent prelates had, notwithstanding his arraignment by the Knights of Columbus, given him, so to speak, a clean bill of health. Nothing indeed could be warmer than the praise uttered by Cardinal Mundelein on occasion of the honorary degree conferred on the President at Notre Dame last December when he spoke of "the courage that caused him to set aside the traditions of his class, the friendships of his youth, the pressure of the money-power, to come to the aid of the 'forgotten man' in the more equal distribution of wealth." And others of the hierarchy, speaking no doubt from knowledge inaccessible to us, have implied that the Knights of Columbus' estimate of the President's conduct is not the view of all Catholics. We need no more than that to suspend judgment. Mr. Roosevelt may have other methods than public remonstrance of pressing upon the Mexican tyrants the convictions he expressed at Notre Dame, viz., "There can be no true national life . . . unless there be specific acknowledgment of, and the support of organic law to, the rights of man. . . . Supreme amongst those rights we . . . hold to be the rights of freedom of education and freedom of religious worship." If so we trust that the effect will be speedily manifest. Meanwhile, in waging relentless war against "the money-power" which has ruthlessly exploited the worker for generations, and is now trying by every means, fair and foul, to maintain its dominance, he is fighting for Christian morality, and all Christians must needs wish him well.

Education and Catholics

ONE of the major measures undertaken by the new National Government regards that thorny subject, public elementary education. The second reading of the Bill was carried on Thursday, February 13th, after a Labour motion for entire rejection had been negatived. The main object of the Bill was to raise the school age to fifteen and thus do something to relieve the labour market, but the provision to allow exemptions from the extra year at the discretion of local

authorities seem to many likely to neutralize that result. However, Catholics have been given clear guidance regarding the Bill. Speaking for the hierarchy at the Birmingham Reunion on Monday, February 17th, Archbishop Hinsley outlined with admirable clearness and precision the proper Catholic attitude to assume: it was an address which, accompanied by elucidatory statistics, deserves the fullest circulation in leaflet form. He vindicated Catholic zeal for education, manifested long before Governments took the question in hand. He welcomed this Bill in so far as it provided longer and fuller training for youth and made some recognition, tardy and inadequate enough, of the great educational services at their own cost which, for generations, Catholics had rendered the State. He acknowledged the courtesy and consideration with which the authorities had treated Catholic representation, but felt all the more disappointed at the want of understanding of the unalterable Catholic position evidenced in the Bill. For the slight relief and assistance—and even that left to the discretion of local authorities instead of being made statutory—afforded, an impossible sacrifice of principle was demanded which would really undermine the dual system. That, of course, is what the bureaucracy would desire, for in its heart the secular State wants the whole control of education. Those, therefore, who detest State absolutism should support the case of the denominationalists, which means ultimately liberty of conscience. It is noteworthy how, in these repeated attempts to penalize Catholics for their conscientious beliefs, a certain inveterate Protestantism is always reappearing. An Anglican prelate, meaning, good man, to be kind, once assured Catholics that they were "the guests of the nation." Our reply is that we *are* the nation, at least an integral part of it, and entitled to equal rights, as we share the same burdens, with our fellow-citizens. Why should we, just because we hold the Faith which all England once professed, be regarded as aliens and tolerated as intractable cranks?

True Irish Culture

WE are interested to note the foundation of a new, but long overdue, English Literary Society at University College, Dublin, at the end of last year. Although Ireland seems to suffer from an overplus of Catholic societies with very similar aims—our contemporary *Carmel* (February,

1936) enumerates, as exemplifying a certain genius for disunity, six Catholic societies as "a fraction of a list," viz., The Academy of Christian Art, The Guild of Maolisa, The Little Theatre Guild of St. John Baptist, An Rioghacht, Regnum Christi, The Marian Arts Guild, which have little or no contact, one with another, though all working for the diffusion of Catholic culture—but there seems ample room for this University Society for Anglo-Irish Literature, if only because Dublin has an unenviable notoriety as the home of a clique of *déracinés*, aptly enough called the "Liffey School," who have long set Christian literary tradition at defiance. It would be sad if the self-constituted Irish Academy were to continue to be considered as representative of the culture of a nation 94 per cent Catholic. The country seems to be as yet a long way off political harmony, yet the Government, as well as the opposition parties, are in the main Catholic, and are in agreement, therefore, regarding fundamental questions and the whole philosophy of life. It should be possible, as Dr. F. O'Reilly of the C.T.S. of Ireland recently suggested, for all the Catholic parties to combine to construct the framework of a Catholic State, to be realized perhaps only by degrees, but to show a world gone astray after false ideals leading to destruction that "it is righteousness that exalteth a nation." The freeing of Anglo-Irish literature from the poisoned atmosphere of the "Liffey School" would be only one phase of the national resurrection.

"Religion's all or nothing"

ONE of the most insidious dangers which beset the Catholic living in the world is the temptation to minimize, for the sake of peace, the sharp antagonism to secular standards which the full profession of the Faith demands. This, of course, is most evident in those two departments which involve temperament and taste, viz., art and literature. We have seen pleas—not often—in Catholic papers that Catholic writers of fiction should be allowed the same freedom from ethical limitations which is asserted by the sadly numerous and prolific "fleshy school." We have unhappily—too often—seen the same licence practically claimed in the works of professing Catholics. And there are Catholic critics who would have us overlook the moral turpitude of writings and pictures because of some technical excellence which they illustrate—Burke's

old fallacy of vice losing "half its evil by losing all its grossness." *In dubiis libertas* does not affect the unchanging moral law, the general application of which Church and Catechism give the Catholic no excuse for ignoring. Both in criticism and in creation the Catholic is bound to consider the ethical bearing of his work: he cannot produce nor can he commend art or literature that flouts morality and so becomes occasion of sin. This is a negative rule, and does not confine Catholic activity in these matters only to what is meant to edify or instruct, or in any way positively assist the spread of God's kingdom. There are large spheres the subject-matter of which has no intrinsic connexion with morality, whilst within those which have, really Catholic artists and poets have found illimitable scope for their genius without violating God's law. Those who hold that faithful adherence to that law narrows mind and fetters aspiration have little practical knowledge of the subject.

"Dreams and Visions"

THE translation of a sermon on "Reunion," preached in Latin before Canterbury Convocation, by an Anglican dignitary on January 22nd, is printed with the above suggestive title by the *Church Times*. It so bears out what we have always contended, viz., the impossibility of any return of the sects to the bosom of the Church without a fundamental alteration in their views of the main characteristics of that institution, set up by Our Lord to take His place as Teacher and carry on His work as Redeemer in the world to the end of time, that we hope it will be widely read by Catholics abroad. The preacher accepts the failure of Christ's purpose—"Our basis [of belief] of course is the Holy Scriptures and the decisions of the undivided Church." He palliates the statement of the XIXth Article, "The Church of Rome hath erred," by saying that error is also predicated of the "Churches" of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch, as if these patriarchates were admittedly on the same footing as Rome. He justifies the condemnation, in Article XXII, "of the Romish doctrine concerning Purgatory, Pardons, Worshipping and Adoration, as well of Images and of Reliques, and also invocation of Saints," by recalling the abuses preached by Tetzl: as if recognized distortions can be held to invalidate true doctrine. He repeats the baseless Angli-

can pretension, advanced in Article XXVIII, of being certain of how Our Lord is *not* present in the Eucharist, whilst disclaiming any knowledge of how He is. He mentions as something incidental and not fundamental the abolition, declared in Article XXXVII, of "the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome in this realm of England," saying "it might possibly have been retained, if it had not been so widely abused." The Article, of course, is a direct rejection of the unvarying and unvariable claim of the Pope to be the divinely-appointed Vicar of Christ, and the apologist's treatment of it as something of comparatively little importance shows the incurable imperviousness of the average Anglican mind to the basic realities of the question. The Malines "Conversations" are spoken of summarily as approved by the Pope, whereas all the Holy Father did was to bless the idea of thus attempting to enlighten our separated brethren, a blessing which cannot be said to cover the methods of some of the Catholic assessors or the developments of a prolonged process. An attempt is further made to discount the heroic witness of SS. John Fisher and Thomas More to the Faith of the Church in Papal Supremacy by surmising that they must have derived their convictions "from the compelling authority of the Decretals of Isidore," the fact being that Pseudo-Isidore got his vogue, only because his compilation expressed so exactly the previous and prevalent tradition of the Church.

Anglican Fallibility

THE preacher nowhere pauses to say, beyond referring to the Bible and the Councils of the undivided Church—authorities which cannot of themselves teach because they cannot secure themselves against misinterpretation—where the believer is to look for the outside infallible authority, required to justify unquestioning faith. He states that Anglicanism is bound in doctrine and discipline "by the Book of Common Prayer and the Thirty-nine Articles." Some Anglicans, at any rate, are sensible enough to question the right of a particular generation, in a Church which repudiates any living authority, to determine its belief and practice for all time. Why should the creed of Cranmer and Cecil, or their personal views about Bible teaching, be reckoned as the final word? The very attempt to revise the Prayer Book by the Church at large, the practical rejection of the Thirty-nine

Articles as a norm of belief by Catholic-minded Anglicans, combined with the abandonment of the supernatural by the Modernists, would suggest that this would-be eirenicon has not understood the very elements of the "reunion" problem—the impossibility of a system of "belief," necessarily resting on private judgment, being brought into combination with one the essence of which is dependence on a living and external authority. "We are very unlikely to adopt the modern Roman doctrines of the Immaculate Conception or the Infallibility of the Pope," says this curious dreamer of dreams, and he gives as reason, because they are "condemned by the Old Catholic Church," meaning, presumably, the dwindling little schism that arrogates to itself that name. The Anglican mind appears in the word "adopting": the heretic "adopts" this or that dogma according to his taste: the very notion of an intellectual obedience to a voice speaking with God's authority is foreign to that mentality. There is no need for prolonged debate about unity: *ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia*. How blind even earnest seekers after the unity of Christendom are to the first and last and only means to restore it, this recent discourse demonstrates to the dullest apprehension.

His Hour—and Mine

"None laid hands on Him, for His hour had not yet come."—John vii, 30.

LORD of eternity, King before all ages,
 Reigning in awful Deity alone,
 Out of the Book of Time, its countless pages,
 One hast thou chosen, one, to be Thine own.

What hour? Nay, not a time of feast and singing,
 Graced with sweet commerce between soul and soul,
 With mirth and music round the meadows ringing
 And peace profound crowning the perfect whole.

Thy chosen hour—ah! how its glooms enfold Thee—
 Thine hour, my due, since mine the guilt assumed;
 Stript of Thy friends—yea, one of them hath sold Thee:
 Mine hour Thou makest Thine, lest I be doomed.

M. V. GARLAND.

1688 AND ALL THAT

OR, HISTORY THROUGH LIBERAL SPECTACLES

IN a speech delivered some years ago, Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, avowed his preference for "biased history," because the most interesting histories are usually of that kind. But biased history is a misnomer, for in so far as it is biased it is not history at all. When I study a history book, I do so, not to discover the author's prejudices, interesting though they may be, but to find out exactly what happened in some crisis of the past. If I want fine writing or a good story, I turn to an essayist or a novelist. When history is my quest, fine writing, wit, irony, sarcasm, must take second place, just as they must in chemistry, biology or any other science. My historians, if they are not to waste my time and fill me with delusions, must be men well fortified with what Michelet called *le désintéressement des morts*. If they are great enough to be able to combine a strong measure of such impartiality with an attractive style, so much the better, but the style must be a transparent medium and let me through to the facts. Otherwise it is simply a snare.

Some eminent men have considered that even novelists are unentitled to distort the facts of history in the interests of their tale, and it was the discovery of the large liberties taken by Walter Scott in his "Quentin Durward" that shocked a youthful Ranke into the determined objectivity which made him a great historian. "I see the time approach," he wrote, "in which we shall no longer have to found modern history on the reports even of contemporary historians, except in so far as they were in possession of personal and immediate knowledge of facts; still less, on works yet more remote from the source; but on the narratives of eyewitnesses, and the genuine and original documents." Any serious student of history would certainly admit that to be the ideal, and he would judge a new history book by reference to it. So judged, the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher's recent History of Europe in three volumes¹ must surely be accounted a notable backsliding. Not only does Mr. Fisher dispense with all indication

¹ "A History of Europe," by Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, Warden of New College, Oxford. Three volumes. 1935.

of sources, but in the brief bibliographies which he appends to his chapters he often betrays a singular want of responsibility. Thus, for further information on Joan of Arc, the reader, who will certainly require it after Mr. Fisher's few nonchalant remarks, is referred to Anatole France and Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Apart from everything else, it may surely be doubted without impertinence whether any one human mind is now competent to teach us the truth about our origins and development from primitive man to Mussolini. We live in a universe that is expanding all the time, not only at its physical limits, but in every department. Knowledge daily grows from more to more, and each new stage of the process does but reveal illimitable prospects beyond. Even those things of whose conduct science seemed most assured, its atoms and forces, are believed now to be compounded of such incalculable jerks and jumps that we must abandon our convenient picture of tiny, disciplined billiard balls on a green table, and think rather of flights of imponderable grasshoppers or herds of ultra-microscopic kangaroos. And the same new leaven of discovery is at work in every sphere of knowledge, revising past judgments and putting notes of interrogation where previously complacent full stops were the rule. The tendency, therefore, at least among serious men, is all towards humility and specialization, towards the attitude of the modest investigator who, as Oliver Wendell Holmes relates, would not call himself an entomologist, hardly even a coleopterist, but who would go to his grave quite contentedly if he could solve the question whether the *Pediculus Melittae* is or is not the larva of *Meloe*. It is easy to laugh at such people, with their foible to own some square foot of academic ground into which no other fellow has driven an inquisitive spade, but they are much more likeable than the other kind who think that they own the whole academic world, and come, as Donne put it, "with a barley-corn in their hands to measure the compass of the firmament."

In the preface to his History, which has been praised to the skies by reviewers in the non-technical journals, Mr. Fisher confesses his inability to discern in history "a plot, a rhythm, a pre-determined pattern." That promises very well, but it is unfortunately the nature of the human mind to invent and impose patterns where it cannot discern them, and in this respect Mr. Fisher is as frail as the rest of us. Strive how he

may to be fair, his liberalism is constantly breaking through, a liberalism that, being radically anti-supernatural, makes a man incapable of understanding or appreciating developments and modes of thought which have counted for a great deal in the history of Europe. When a man cannot understand, he will either resort to gibes as Gibbon did, or else take refuge in false analogies and misleading comparisons. Thus, in speaking of the Oriental cults prevalent in the Roman Empire, Mr. Fisher quotes Dean Inge to the following effect :

The worship of Isis was organized in a manner very like that of the Catholic Church. There was a kind of Pope, with priests, monks, singers and acolytes. The images of the Madonna were crowned with true or false jewels, and her toilette was duly attended to every day. Daily matins and evensong were said in her chief temples. The priests were tonsured and wore white linen vestments.

Then Mr. Fisher continues his text :

Before Rome became Christian, it had become clerical, a city of temples and images, of priests and religious processions, of cynic philosophers in cowls and coarse woollen gowns like the begging friars of the Middle Ages. . . . When, under the reign of Diocletian, Rome ceased to be a political capital, it was not perhaps difficult to foresee that one day the place of the absent Emperor would be taken by a Roman priest.

Nor is it perhaps difficult to foresee that the Roman priest is going to annoy Mr. Fisher, so his pigeon-hole is thus prepared for him well ahead. Dean Inge's passage is redolent of the *Evening Standard*, and it is very surprising that an historian dedicated to such a learned task should rely on the journalist's rather facile scholarship. Mr. Fisher might surely have turned to Apuleius for himself, when he would have seen what a rare amount of diaconal imagination had been imposed on that ancient text. But a pattern has to be found for the Roman priest, a groove into which he can be fitted on the good evolutionary principles of liberalism, so the Dean's ludicrous verbal anachronisms are made to serve in default of better knowledge.

There are numerous other instances in Mr. Fisher's volumes of this tendency to co-relate entirely disparate facts, especi-

ally when, by the manoeuvre, Christianity can be made more amenable to a natural explanation. He stresses, for instance, the early Christians' expectation of Our Lord's second coming, and then proceeds to find in it the key to their moral life and aspirations.

The early Christians never set out to reform mankind [he writes]. Why should the Christian labour to abolish slavery, or war, or trade, or these great engines of physical force, which sustained the weight of the Roman Empire? All this was fated soon to vanish, and meanwhile each individual soul was confronted with the problem, at once awful and instant, of how best to avoid the everlasting torment which was the retribution of God for the original sin of Adam in the garden.

The Gibbonian accent of that last sentence is unmistakable: indeed, the ghost of Gibbon stalks all through these elegant pages. But passing over that, one notes the calm, dogmatic way in which questions that are still the subject of endless debate among learned men receive their liberal quietus. It is now an accepted view among scholars that eschatology had practically nothing to do with the development of the Christian life. The early Christians most decidedly did set out to reform mankind, and the first Magna Charta for the slave was written by as early a Christian as St. Paul. The implied suggestion of the passage, that a tiny minority of poor and persecuted men should have made some more dramatic attempt to overthrow an institution on which the whole fabric of a mighty civilization rested, is not worth comment. It required no eschatological delusions to restrain the early Christians from such an attempt; it required only a measure of common sense. Those, our first fathers in the Faith, did what was humanly possible. By their teaching and example they restored to the slave his dignity as a man, of which the *laissez-faire* doctrines of liberalism have since contributed not a little to deprive him anew.

As for the motive of Christian holiness and heroism being the fear of Hell, one has but to read the ancient documents, the Epistles of St. Paul, the letters of St. Ignatius of Antioch, the Martyrdom of St. Polycarp, the Epistle to Diognetus, the Passion of St. Perpetua, the Acts of the Lyons' martyrs, in order to see how grotesquely such a theory distorts the facts. The primary motive of Christian holiness, aye, and of the

sweet humanity of the martyrs, was the love of Christ our Lord, but that is a thing no liberal historian could be expected to understand.

Speaking of asceticism and the origins of the coenobitic life, Mr. Fisher says :

Asceticism is a common feature of religious movements, and in Egypt, the original home of monkery, was apt to assume extravagant forms of self-torture and abasement. The good sense of the West avoided the eccentricities of the Egyptian solitary, who perched upon a pillar or a tree, exhibited the charms of his pious emaciation and squalor to the admiring pilgrims.

Here Gibbon's ghost is squeaking with a vengeance, but he will not trouble any instructed reader. It is different with the large statement that asceticism is a common feature of religious movements, for it is clearly meant to imply that between pagan and Christian asceticism there was not much to choose. But, in point of fact, there was everything to choose. In spite of the efforts of certain German scholars to prove that the Christian kind was merely a development or copying of the other, they are now known to have been quite unrelated. Christian asceticism derives solely from the New Testament. It is bound up in every phase with ethical considerations, especially with the idea of giving the soul greater freedom for the service of God, whereas pagan asceticism in its religious aspect was purely ceremonial and directed to securing a valid performance of the ritual. But more important than that, pagan asceticism was grounded in a rigid dualism of flesh and spirit, which Christianity strenuously denied. The Church fought to the death with Gnosticism on this very issue. Matter was not evil, and men's bodies might become temples of the Holy Ghost, to be made the ready servants of the soul by self-discipline in this life, and to share the soul's immortal life hereafter.

Mr. Fisher assesses the worth of monasticism in general by purely utilitarian standards. "The Benedictine rule," he says, "enjoining the intermingling of manual labour with study and devotional exercises, enabled monasticism . . . which might otherwise have wrought nothing but evil, to make a positive contribution to human progress." He considers that "it is to the credit of the Benedictine monks that they improved tillage and reclaimed waste land, that they undertook

the work of relieving the poor, and that by preserving and copying manuscripts they rendered an important and necessary service to European culture." When these functions became superfluous through economic change, the establishment of the Elizabethan workhouses, and the invention of printing, why then monasticism became superfluous too. Mr. Fisher is more tolerant of our modern nuns, but again, not because they pray for others or sanctify their own souls or serve God, which occupations a liberal historian would consider undesirable and otiose, but because they engage in "humanitarian work." It does not occur to him that the humanitarian work would very soon stop if the wells of prayer ran dry.

It is not the purpose of this article to follow the liberal *ignis fatuus* in all its meanderings. It would lead us a terrible dance. The whole of Mr. Fisher's first volume, and particularly the chapter entitled, "The Roman Church," simply bristles with challengeable statements, half-truths, and even palpable mistakes. As an example of a half-truth we may consider the assertion: "Of Roman bishops we have no list earlier than Irenaeus (*circa* A.D. 180)." Correct in the literal sense, that assertion is, nevertheless, misleading, for if Irenaeus, who had been on an embassy to Rome, drew up his list in A.D. 180, we are certainly entitled to carry back his evidence fifteen or twenty years, and to say that at least as early as A.D. 165 the list was a recognized tradition in the Roman Church. Moreover, probably about A.D. 160 or some years earlier, the Palestinian Christian, Hegesippus, drew up an independent list at Rome itself, which in the opinion of Lightfoot and other scholars is the list preserved for us by Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis. There is good evidence in Eusebius that Hegesippus was a careful and conscientious recorder of traditions, so we may be sure that his list reflected the corporate memory of the Roman Church about A.D. 160. That memory, unless very weak, must have gone back a good many years, and the diligent Hegesippus could check its accuracy by records and monumental inscriptions. From Mr. Fisher's laconic way of writing, one might think that Irenaeus had sat back and invented the whole thing.

Mr. Fisher does not think much of those early Roman bishops: "They were mostly obscure men. . . They contributed nothing to the building up of Church doctrine, and only with Gregory the Great entered the missionary field,

which had been mainly left to the saints and visionaries of Ireland." "Visionaries" is a favourite word of Mr. Fisher. With regard to his contention that the early Popes were nonentities who contributed nothing to theology, let Professor Harnack judge, that liberal Protestant scholar with the pronounced dislike of the Catholic Church. After enumerating no fewer than nine different historical reasons for considering the early Roman Church to have been the very source and centre and fountain-head of general Church doctrine and discipline, Harnack proceeds, in his "History of Dogma," to show the vital part which the early Roman bishops, Clement, Anicetus, Soter, Eleutherius, Victor and Callixtus played in the development of Catholic Christianity. True, he has his own liberal Protestant theory about the matter, but this only increases the force of his testimony.

One example alone is sufficient to dispose of Mr. Fisher's contention that the early Popes contributed nothing to Church doctrine. Baptism and its conditions is certainly an important part of that doctrine, and these were fixed for all time (and for every form of Christianity except the Greek orthodox) by Pope St. Stephen, in the teeth of strenuous opposition from three of the most eminent and revered ecclesiastics of the age, Cyprian of Carthage, Dionysius of Alexandria, and Firmilian of Cappadocia. "How great was the triumph of Stephen of Rome!" wrote Cyprian's biographer and passionate admirer, Archbishop Benson of Canterbury:

The contention of Cyprian [that heretics and schismatics must be re-baptized] was backed by an army of prelates, whom he rather restrained than stimulated, moving as one man to his direction. . . . No Council assembled to support Stephen; Alexandria remonstrated, Cappadocia denounced. His good cause was marred by uncharity, passion, pretentiousness; yet he triumphed, and in him the Church of Rome triumphed, as she deserved.

Moreover, the Church of Rome for whose narrowness Mr. Fisher displays such cultured disdain, included the rebel Cyprian in the Canon of her Mass among her own martyrs, and there he is honoured by her priests every day.

As for Gregory the Great being the first of the Popes to engage in missionary enterprise, we have the testimony of Prosper of Aquitaine that Pope Celestine anticipated him by

more than a century and a half. Prosper had opportunities for knowing as he was Celestine's secretary. The "saints and visionaries of Ireland" did, indeed, achieve wonders in the mission field, but on the testimony of the greatest of them, Columbanus, it was from the Popes that they derived the light which they spread. "The Catholic faith," he wrote to Rome, "is held unshaken by us, just as it was delivered to us by you, the successors of the Apostles."¹

That is enough for Mr. Fisher's first volume, which teems with inaccuracies, unfair judgments and tendentious generalizations of a similar kind. In his second volume he comes to the post-Reformation Catholic Church with its Jesuits and other such fauna. Now, the liberal animus is given full play, and the sneering ghost of Gibbon has the house to himself. There is this on the Council of Trent: "In the words of Lord Acton, a great Catholic historian, 'it impressed on the Church the stamp of an intolerant age and perpetuated by its decrees the spirit of an austere immorality (*sic*).'" Everybody knows the kind of Catholic historian Acton was when the Church of Rome occupied his attention, Mickey Mouse as historian of Felix the Cat. It is the disingenuousness of the phrase, "a great Catholic historian," which is so disgusting, and what Acton and his copyist mean by "austere immorality" baffles all understanding. Then, again, we have this on Trent:

The critical spirit of the Venetian Paolo Sarpi has preserved for us a record of this extraordinary assembly, so unrepresentative of Europe as a whole, so disappointing to the believers in conciliar government, but so true to the tradition of Roman autocracy. The leading figure in the later debates and the man who carried the papal cause to victory, was Lainez, the second General of the Jesuit Order. In that scene of subtle intrigue, furious national hatreds, and open profligacy, the stern, eloquent, and invincible Jesuit stood out like a giant.

First, in this matter, let us take Sarpi, the source of Mr. Fisher's inspiration. Sarpi's observations, wrote Ranke (a great Protestant historian) a hundred years ago, are "thoroughly imbued with bitterness and gall. . . His narrative bears the colour of his opinions—of his systematic opposition, dislike and hatred to the Roman Court. . . His anxiety to strengthen the impression most unfavourable to the

¹ Migne, P. L., lxxx, 275.

Council is extremely evident. . . The whole work is coloured with a tinge of decided enmity to the papal power . . . and is the first example of a history which accompanies the whole development of its subject with incessant blame."¹ So much for the "critical spirit" of the apostate Servite priest whose hatred of the Holy See sprang from no nobler source than disappointed ambition.

Secondly, an innocent reader, unused to the manœuvres of anti-Catholic prejudice, might gather from Mr. Fisher's statement that the Fathers of Trent, men to whose learning and rectitude the contemporary Protestants themselves paid tribute, were a peculiarly detestable lot of ecclesiastics. Mr. Fisher does not deem it necessary to caution him that the furious national hatreds were very largely confined, and whatever profligacy took place entirely confined, to the camp-followers of the Council, the lay ambassadors and their retinues sent from the various European courts.

Thirdly, the remarks about Lainez are mere claptrap, intended for no better purpose than to minimize the importance of the Council. This General of the Jesuits did play a distinguished part in the debates, but he was not at all the giant of Mr. Fisher's imagination. It was not he but Cardinal Morone who carried the papal cause to victory. Nor did he show any special sternness or invincibility, and his eloquence was more a matter of prodigious memory than anything else.

No reader need entertain delusions that Mr. Fisher's exaltation of Lainez is a sign of love for the Society which he ruled. To judge by these volumes Mr. Fisher must simply detest the Jesuits. He is perfectly welcome to his emotion, but it does not entitle him to give them hooves and horns whenever they appear. That is entirely a question of evidence, and Mr. Fisher's evidence is singularly shy of the light. As often as not he gets the mere facts quite wrong as, for instance, when he finds that the Jesuits of Vienna "were given control of the University in 1551." The Jesuits themselves did not find that to be the case. In fact, so far were they from being given control, that the jealous University authorities would not even allow their young men to sit for the academic degrees. Mr. Fisher again tells us that "the strenuous and learned Dutchman, Petrus Canisius . . . saved Cologne for the Roman Faith" in his youth. The fact is that Peter played but a very

¹ "History of the Popes," Appendix section ii (English translation, 1840, Vol. III, pp. 56-71).

modest, minor role in that great struggle, whose real heroes were a secular priest, a Carmelite and a Dominican. But these things are by the way. The real Jesuit feats were to secure control of the States-General of France in 1588 and nearly ruin the country (Vol. II, p. 576), to bring about the expulsion of the Huguenots by their intolerant influence (p. 579), to cause the murder of William of Orange by their doctrine of political assassination (p. 595), to plot the destruction of Queen Elizabeth (p. 639) and so to imbue Emperor Ferdinand II, "a crowned Jesuit," with hatred of Protestants that he "liquidated" them in his dominions and "brought all the religious and intellectual life of his realm under the iron rule of the Jesuit Order" (p. 612). These are but a few items on Mr. Fisher's charge-sheet, trite old slanders whose very exaggeration renders them ridiculous, not to speak of the detailed refutations by such sober and accredited scholars as Astrain, Fouquieray and Duhr. One of Mr. Fisher's judgments about the Jesuits is that "few men have brought upon the world so great an avalanche of misery" (p. 612). An entry in the index to Volume II informs us that "Wallenstein's death was compassed by" those same amazingly powerful and unscrupulous Fathers. In the text (p. 623) we are told that "to the Jesuit Camarilla in Vienna, the conduct of the great Bohemian General after the battle of Lutzen gave rise to the darkest suspicions. . . It was judged that the man was too dangerous to live, and Irish dragoons were ready in the camp at Eger to do the butchery." This passage reeks with that mean trick of prejudice, the *suggestio falsi*. Those immediately responsible for the assassination were three colonels, of whom only one, Butler, was a Catholic. The other two, Leslie and Gordon, were Scottish Calvinists and Leslie was commandant of the camp. The reader will search in vain in Ranke's "Geschichte Wallensteins" or even in the latest edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" for the slightest tittle of evidence that the Jesuits had anything to do with this affair. It is typical of Mr. Fisher's methods that, while lodging his utterly unfounded charge against the Jesuits, he should discreetly omit to state that Wallenstein was actually on his way to join the Swedes for an attack on the Empire when he met his self-wrought doom.

Mr. Fisher's antipathy to the Jesuits makes him cut some amusing capers. On page 691 he praises the Jansenist Quesnel's version of the New Testament as "a monument of

evangelical piety laboriously erected by a Christian saint," notwithstanding the fact that this saintly hater of Jesuits gave expression in his book to such illiberal sentiments as that outside the Roman Catholic Church no grace is conceded to any man, that the prayer of a sinner is a new sin, and that whatever mercy God shows such people is but for their further condemnation. On the following page there is this to be read from Mr. Fisher's pen: "When, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, Kircher invited a Jesuit professor to look through his telescope at the newly discovered spots on the sun, the Jesuit replied, 'My son, it is useless. I have read Aristotle through twice, and have not found anything about spots on the sun. . . ' Such were the leaden inhibitions which shackled the learning of the medieval Faculties." This is an old story, told in many versions, but never until now with a Jesuit for its butt. Anyone even superficially read in the Galilean controversies of the early seventeenth century must be aware that the Florentine and Roman Jesuits were among the first to appreciate Galileo's discoveries with his newly-invented telescope. On April 1, 1611, the great man wrote as follows to his friend Belisario Vinta:

I have had a long discussion with Father Clavius and with two other most intelligent Fathers of the same Order [the Society of Jesus]. I found the pupils of these men occupied in reading, not without a great deal of laughter, the latest lucubrations which Signor Francesco Sizzi has written and published against me. . . The Fathers being finally convinced that the Medicean planets [the moons of Jupiter] are realities, have devoted the past two months to continuous observations of them, and these observations are still in progress. We have compared notes, and have found that our observations tally in every respect.¹

In the Psalms there is a cautionary tale of a man who dugged a pit for his enemy and then fell into it himself. Kircher, whose name and fame Mr. Fisher uses to show up the childish obscurantism of Jesuit professors, was, of course unknown to Mr. Fisher, one of the most eminent of Jesuit professors!

There is room for no more now except to say that a great deal else in this History is on a par with its unconsciously very funny story of the wicked Jesuit who would not look at the sun-spots.

JAMES BRODRICK.

¹ "Le Opere di Galileo Galilei," Edizione Nazionale, Letter No. 505.

PAUL BOURGET

IN 1872 a young man of some twenty years published a volume of poems. Passed over then, they are remembered now as the first effort of one who has since gained a permanent place in French literature—Paul Bourget. He gained that place as long ago as 1889, when he startled the world of letters with "*Le Disciple*." He made a promise of literary achievement then which has been amply fulfilled; for the evolution of his thought and the great number and excellence of his works seem rather the growth of some literary movement than the tale of one man's unaided effort. To many the news of his death last Christmas came as a shock, not only because we mourn the loss of a great man, but also because it seems strange that this hero of nineteenth-century literature has been with us so long.

Bourget is interesting to Catholics from a point of view indicated by Johannes Jörgensen. Like Claudel, Péguy, Maritain, Valéry and so many famous writers, Bourget was a convert to the practice of Catholicism. Jörgensen, himself a convert, would have it that Catholicism badly needs this infusion of new blood, needs as champions these men who would in any case have achieved greatness. This theory merits a discussion apart. What is of interest here is to try to estimate the value and power of Bourget as a great writer and also as an admitted master who was at the same time a good Catholic.

Bourget's conversion did not occur until he had well started on his literary career. Nor is it altogether clear how it came about. I believe M. René Doumic once asked Bourget to write his autobiography. Had he done so, this expert in the analysis of the workings of the human mind might well have produced a document of immense value which would have explained much that is hard to understand. But for reply, the old man—Bourget must have been nearly eighty at the time—showed Doumic a long list of titles of novels he intended to write. And these novels, it seemed, would do far more good than the story of his own life.

Paul Bourget was born in Amiens in 1852. The fact that his father was a teacher of mathematics accounts for Paul's finding himself at Strasbourg for his elementary education,

next at the lycée of Clermont-Ferrand, and finally in Paris, where he completed his education at the University. It seems clear that he was not well off at this time, and that he took to journalism as a means of earning his living. Between his first poems and articles and his first novel came the "*Essais de Psychologie contemporaine*," an effort at literary criticism of a new kind, which gained for him a certain renown. This work was a study of the minds and temperament of Balzac, Renan, Flaubert, Taine and Stendhal. Bourget described these *Essais* as "a few notes made to help the historian of the inner life of France during the latter half of the nineteenth century," a period influenced to a greater or lesser degree by all five—Stendhal included, for he lived and died half a century ahead of his time. If one remembers how seriously literary criticism is taken in France, it will be realized how daring was the young Bourget to set himself up as a judge over famous writers, more than one of whom was still living. Moreover, it is literary criticism *sui generis*, for Bourget is not concerned so much with the works and the style of these authors as with the states of mind which produced their works. The chief endeavour of the *Essais* is to gauge how far each of these five writers was responsible for the pessimism prevalent in the intellectual circles of the 'eighties.

These *Essais* are, therefore, of the same family as the novels of Bourget. In the *Essais* he analyses intently the mental and moral states of characters in real life; in his novels he invents the characters to analyse.

It was in England that Bourget set to work on his first novel. "In May, 1883, in a small room at Oxford, a few steps from Worcester College, haunted by the ghost of Thomas de Quincey . . . I began my first novel, '*L'Irréparable*.'" He had turned to this genre because he had discovered in the *Essais* that beyond books were living sentiments, and beyond these were living souls which could be depicted best by the novel.

Bourget's novels fall into two periods—before and after "*Le Disciple*." In his earlier novels and short stories he contented himself with stating a problem without attempting to resolve it. This is true in general, although occasionally, as in "*Mémoires*," a typical work of this period, there is a hint at a solution through Faith. But these works were meant to be "*planches d'anatomie morale*," detailed analyses. The formula is much the same for all these productions, and for

that reason has met with much adverse criticism. A soul is tempted, wavers, is allured, is repelled, yields. . . Uneasy are these stories, shadowy the characters, intensely, subtly introspective the minds.

The *affaire* Chambige, of 1889, was the cause of the epoch-making "Le Disciple." Chambige had murdered his mistress and attempted suicide. He followed this up with a letter to Bourget blaming novelists for his conduct. Bourget in "Le Disciple" passes on the blame to materialist philosophers like Taine, who held that "virtue and vice were secreted like sugar," for whom man was a "gorille féroce et lubrique" and at the same time "un théorème qui marche." Taine denies that man has free will and refuses to admit the supernatural.

In "Le Disciple" the young Robert Greslou is influenced by "la psychologie de Dieu" and other works by one Professor Adrien Sixte, a philosopher of dull and irreproachable private life, who we may believe represents Taine. Greslou sees in the disturbing works of the master far more than Sixte realized he had put into them. Smarting under humiliations received while he is employed as tutor by an aristocratic family, Greslou, in accordance with his principles, practises a "psychological experiment" on Charlotte the daughter of the house. The seduction of Charlotte is to be followed by the suicide of both parties. Greslou wavers, but Charlotte poisons herself, leaving a note to her brother explaining her suicide. Her brother, Count André, burns this and allows Greslou to be arrested and tried for the murder of Charlotte. From prison Greslou sends to Sixte a long account of his theories and experiences, a piece of analysis which takes up most of the book. Sixte, horror-struck, realizes that the boy is abnormal, and succeeds in getting him acquitted by persuading Count André to tell of the note he has burnt. On Greslou's release from the Court-house, André shoots him and is arrested. That evening, by the body of the dead disciple, the master begins to feel how deadly are the principles of his philosophy.

Three hundred pages of minute examination of the working of a mind; a story with a moral to point out the terrible effect of despising the supernatural; a preface of burning eloquence addressed to the young men of France, condemning cynicism and frivolity, condemning above all the pride of life—such was "Le Disciple."

If the point of view adopted by Bourget in this was not new

to him, the endeavour to indicate a solution was. It awakened dormant ideals in the hearts of many of its readers, ideals which had been lulled by the positivism of so many previous writers. Moreover, this novel was a break with the tradition of the "naturalist" novels, the authors of which attempted to treat of the acts of the soul as phenomena necessarily dependent on physical and physiological causes, authors who gloated over the hidden sins of the "gorille féroce et lubrique." But though it is true that "Le Disciple" dealt a mortal blow to "Naturalism," it has this in common: naturalist writers preferred to make their principal characters "détraqués," characters in one way or another perverted. Greslou is not an ordinary man, but a "détraqué"; he has not got the fund of common sense which would save the "refined and intellectual epicurean" from following out the theories of the positivists to their wildest conclusions. The case of Greslou is an extreme case, extraordinary. And to prove materialism wrong it seems odd to choose as its victim one who was mentally unbalanced. On the other hand, only a madman would, in ordinary life, push the theories of positivism to their logical conclusions; or, alternatively, if a man did do so he would become a "détraqué." Bourget, in the preface of the book, says: "How I wish . . . that there had never been in real life those who resembled in a greater or less degree the unfortunate Disciple who gives his name to this novel. But if there had not been, if there did not still exist such, I would not have said to you, young countryman of mine, what I have just said. . . ." In other words, Bourget himself has met such as Greslou.

"Le Disciple" alone would ensure the mention of Bourget's name in any history of French literature. But between 1889 and 1935 he produced an enormous number of other works, novels for the most part, many excellent, but not all up to the high standard he had set—as his French critics were careful to tell him. Bourget's new point of view becomes clearer with every novel. At first, as has been said, he was merely an analyst; then he became a moralist and a writer of sociological novels—three steps in a development clear enough to delight French literary criticism with its love of categories. In the meantime Bourget returned to the practice of his religion, a conversion which, though Bourget would not call it so, has been both denied and derided. He himself said that a man is "converted" from a negation; but that his own re-

turn to the Faith was a development from an attitude of pure expectation, a development not a *volte-face*. Certainly there is an immense difference between the Bourget who wrote in the *Essais* "there is no such thing as health or the contrary in the world of the soul" and the moralist of "Le Démon de Midi" who concludes "that a man must live as he thinks," that is, in conformity with his high ideals, "for fear of coming to think as he lives."

Of his "social" novels, "Nos Actes nous suivent" is one of the best, although it is too long to examine here, and "L'Étape" one of the most criticized. In the latter novel Jean Monneron, who comes of a peasant family, has improved his position in life through hard study. When we meet him he is a professor, not very well off, and the father of a family. He is also a hardened freethinker. Despite his self-sacrificing efforts to keep himself and his children out of the rut, he finds it impossible. For his daughter strays from the path of virtue and ends by shooting her lover; his eldest son becomes a forger; and even the second son, a quiet, studious and pleasant youth, Monneron's consolation, falls in love with the daughter of a wealthy Catholic professor—one who personified the traditions and stability the Monneron ménage lacked. Monneron, pathetic in his disappointment, honest in spite of his freethinking, finally permits the marriage.

The book has been criticized, for people contended that Bourget was condemning all who attempted to become other than hewers of wood, if to that state they were born. For if Monneron failed to bring up his family to bourgeois ideals it was because he lacked the traditions of generations of bourgeois ancestors. But I doubt if Bourget would admit such a theory which would effectually stamp out all upward striving. Rather is this novel a condemnation of the atheism of Monneron. His effort is to be commended; but his philosophy, with its denial of the supernatural, is responsible for the reappearance in his eldest son and daughter of the "gorille." The other son is saved precisely because he eventually accepts the Catholic philosophy of life and is supplied, therefore, with all the traditions he needs.

"Un Divorce" is interesting, for it puts the "hard case," the great stand-by of the advocates of divorce, in as sympathetic a light as possible, and yet shows what misery may result from divorce.

This book calls to mind some of Bourget's characteristics.

The lady in the case appears on the scene extremely well-dressed—and is described most carefully. Bourget loved to dwell on such descriptions, as he would too on that of the interior decoration of a mansion. It must also be remembered that his novels always deal with the "haute bourgeoisie." Only they, according to Bourget, are wealthy and so, leisured enough to be "introverts." This fact has often been criticized, sometimes violently, as when we are informed that Bourget's characters are drawn from the Israelite quarter of Paris and are anything but French. Those who like the uneducated and coarse creations of Zola dislike the "monde raffiné" of Bourget. But M. Doumic maintains that no French author has given a falsier idea of French life than Zola.

This restriction of the milieu from which Bourget drew his characters he considered necessary on account of the special kind of novel that he wrote. It is due also to his belief that a monarchy and aristocracy are necessary for the welfare of France. He once quoted admiringly Louis Veuillot's statement: "If I had to reorganize my country, I would create an aristocracy, and omit my own name from the list." In this connexion it must be remembered that Bourget was always very careful to be true to life. Herein he was superior to Balzac "whose duchesses talk like fishwives." In care for detail Bourget is superior to Zola who would write on anything after the most cursory examination. On one occasion Bourget studied for a time at a clinic before writing a book in which the "local colour" to be obtained there was necessary. And many other instances of the same painstaking preparation could be cited.

There is this to be said against Bourget, that his style, although elegant and, as the French would say, "souple," is at times heavy. Moreover, he has no scruple about intruding his own personality into a novel—"to point a moral. . ." Occasionally he seems to be trying almost to bludgeon his readers into accepting his point of view. In his works nothing of the airy grace of a Daudet is to be found, nor do his characters live as quite definite persons and become the reader's friends as do those of Daudet or Dickens. Bourget's creations live as minds, souls tortured by the struggle. It must not be supposed that these characters are mere machines. They are persons considered as souls in whom Bourget studies the diverse influences of heredity, environment, individual past, acting on those who were at the same time men and women possessed

of free will. For Bourget never disregarded the personal element. The characters he succeeded best in depicting were women and men who are as "*varium et mutabile*" as the Latin poet maintains woman to be.

Again, exception may be taken to the crudity of certain passages in many of Bourget's works. His "sensuality" has been held up to scorn by those who scoff at his conversion. It must be admitted that he has an unhappy knack of lurid description of evil. Abbé Bethlehem, in his "*Romans à lire et à proscrire*," is careful to give only an "A" certificate to the majority of Bourget's works. There is, however, in his books, no question of describing evil for its own sake, of gloating over it. He himself said: "a moralist is a man who shows life as it is with its profound lessons of sin and expiation. To show how vice rankles is to be a moralist. . ." This does not altogether excuse his crudities, but it helps to explain them and to show that a Catholic author may be excessively frank and yet be in perfectly good faith. Perhaps a sense of humour might have enabled him to avoid these passages. But there is no place for levity in his works. "*Du pathétique qui fasse penser*," that was his aim. Those who expect novels to be mere anodynes will be disappointed in Bourget. His novels had each a purpose and a thesis. They were designed to make men think.

Paul Bourget remains, then, as a great writer, a man who had a message to give and gave it, a master of psychology, an inventor of stories which, through moments of great pathos, move time and again to a powerful, gripping climax. He loved order, stability and rule, and estimated at its true worth the empty and frivolous philosophy of his time. Passionate in the defence of his ideals, he was yet not one-sided. He answered the need of so many who, tired of irony and superficiality, yearned for great ideals of Catholic France. And he met with enthusiastic devotion and biting dislike. Certainly, he deserved well of the youth of his country, those whom he wished to help, "by whom I intensely desire to be loved—and to merit that love."

HENRY P. O'NEILL.

BEYOND THE RANGES

SHERREN said that it was only when he found the priests bending over him that he really began to wonder if he was delirious, for they seemed impossible.

However dazed his mind, he had known that he was lost and lying helpless amid the sun-scorched rocks of an unknown pass in the Cordilleras. He knew, too, that since the last of his carriers had deserted him he had been alone. Above all, he knew from mere geography that not even Indians were supposed to exist on this sector of the South American map: as for priests, Catholic priests—!

Being priests, he said, they gave him his first suspicion that he was suffering from the delusions of a fever-taxed brain, for he could see just how they had got into his sick dream. The whole line of his search for the lost City of Los Cesares had been haunted by priests. Inescapably so, for since leaving Choel-choel he had been following in the very footsteps of the missionaries sent out from the old Jesuit Reductions.

From Manzanas, with its valleys and islands bright with blossoms, he had actually used the route of one of the first men to dare these arid and dangerous Andean passes. Father Mascardi of Valvidia, who had planted that gracious Land of Apples, had, in 1690, gone on to the high and lovely Lake Nahuel-Huapi, near which the strange lost civilization of Los Cesares was supposed to have existed.

Unlike Sherren and the three expeditions sent out by Viceroy of Spain, the gentle Jesuit had been concerned with conversions and gardens rather than hidden marvels and gold. Yet he had done what armed expeditions never did, won the hearts of the savage Puelches and Poyas with his flowers and his fruit and his message of love before he was martyred some twelve years later.

Sherren had always thought—and others, too—that Father Mascardi, in his sweetness, had learnt what the pomp and sword of Viceroys had failed to learn—that is, the secrets of that fabled kingdom that had once thrived beneath the thunders of mighty Mount Tronador.

Why else, some asked, had the Jesuits clung to that isolated mission on the strange and lonely lake, in the face of such

awful difficulties, terrors and death? They had certainly shown a strange tenacity. Though Father Mascardi had been murdered, Father Lagunas had taken his place within a year or so, and when he died, exploring the mountains, his assistant, Father Guillermo, had maintained his hold in spite of dangers. Real dangers, for in pushing his work too far into the mountains the Poyas had suddenly turned on him, burnt his mission and only let him escape with his life because of the regard he had won.

Yet he, too, went back, knowing it was death, to meet his death. And at once, knowing it was death, Father Elguea had taken his place, only to have the life beaten out of him as the chapel went up in flames once more.

Faith and devotion accounted for such heroic persistence, Sherren knew, as it had for the marvels the Fathers had accomplished in Paraguay, yet Sherren had always felt there was something else behind it. Not hoarded Jesuit treasure—even if he had not been a Catholic, Sherren had studied enough of the facts to know that such stories were utter nonsense. Yet the very tenacity with which the Fathers had held on to this seemingly barren mission amid the stark sierras, coupled with the murderous determination of the Indians to drive them away, especially, as in Father Guillermo's case, when they began to penetrate further into the mountains, suggested to his mind a deeper secret.

It was, he was sure, the secret of the lost city of Los Cesares. The Jesuits, who knew the country and the Indians better than any men, had, Sherren held, found that legendary kingdom hidden in the high passes, and were bent on its conversion, just as the Indians, who feared the exposure of their secrets to white men, had striven to guard it even with bloodshed.

Behind that secret, Sherren was positive, was gold; hoarded gold, hidden mines of gold. Gold, indeed, was the basis of all the legends of this continent—empires of gold hidden beyond the reach of the Conquistadores, vast tribal accumulations of gold that had vanished abruptly into the mysteries of mountain and jungle, once it was learnt what lodestone drew the terrible white man to conquest. The fabled City of Traplandá, El Dorado, the vanished mines of the Sinu, the lost ransom of the Inca Atahualpa, the hidden empire of Puyhta—all had the same incitement, hoarded gold, lost gold to be sought for. Sherren knew of them all, and, because he was

that sort of fellow, had sought several. Yet of all the stories, that of the lost Ciudad de los Cesares, seemed to him the most likely. Those three expeditions of the Viceroy of Spain gave solid grounds for its existence, while the tenacity of the Jesuits in holding on to Lake Nahuel-Huapi and the determination of the Indians to drive them away seemed to prove it to the hilt.

Sherren was not an avaricious man; adventure was really his chief impulse, but since it was wedded to his profession of mineralogist, a big find of easy gold was always his ambition for rounding off his career. Therefore, when the Cardrew Mineral and Mining Corporation, Inc., sent him to the Andes on the Chilean border to prospect for metals, it seemed to him a heaven-sent chance for proving his theories about Los Cesares.

Those theories seemed to receive confirmation when things began to go wrong with his expedition—they started going wrong in the right place. Until they reached Lake Nahuel-Huapi everything had gone well. He had obtained excellent practical results with few difficulties. Even his carriers and helpers, Indians and half-breeds, had proved willing and ready workers.

But from the Lake onward there was nothing but trouble. Something in the very blood of his Indians seemed to tell them that Sherren was probing for things their race had always kept secret. They did not like him going out to the island where the ruins of the mission still showed amid the fruit trees and vegetables that possibly Father Mascardi, that apostle of good gardening, had brought to the mountains. They resented his intrusion on that holy spot, they seemed to know his interest was different from that of the dead Jesuits.

"Los demás van à una, los Jesuitas à una," his headman muttered when Sherren, trying to overcome the men's new reluctance to go on, urged that where the Jesuits had gone, they too could go: "The others take all they can, the Jesuits have only one aim."

The Jesuits came here to care for the Indians, was what the man meant; all others, including you, come only to exploit them. Astonishing, that. The Jesuit work of civilizing the tribes had ended with their expulsion in 1767, but that part of their tradition had endured and was used to reinforce the men's disinclination to go with him into the wilderness of the mountains. It seemed as if they knew that there was something there that he threatened.

Trouble increased. It held them for a week at the lake with minor breakdowns and illness which Sherren was sure was malingering. When he made it plain that he meant to go on, there were desertions. That increased Sherren's determination. These men knew something, nothing specific probably, but they knew that there was something lurking behind those silent heights and would not dare it.

He saw that more plainly from the way they lifted frightened eyes to the still, stark snowpeaks, hesitated before the adventure of entering some new, harsh valley. Something was there beyond the sierras, something that their very blood warned them to keep clear of. They began to sneak away in the night, creeping off by twos and threes, the deeper they pushed into those sun-flayed, rock-tumbled uplands, the deeper they penetrated into this land of dead silence. By the time they reached the strange village the party was reduced to a skeleton.

It was an unexpected village—startling. There was no hint of its existence on the map, it had no right to exist in what had now become the practically sterile Cordilleras. Yet suddenly there it was, a tiny hamlet nestling in one of those enchanting green and lovely valleys so often met with amid barren heights. A queer village in many ways. Quite tiny, of no more than three or four families, it was yet strangely well-found and well-built. The houses were stout affairs of stone and stucco in the Spanish colonial style, with unusually large barns and stables for llamas . . . quite unusually large for so small and so remote a place. Quite surprising in their neatness and order, too. Sherren could discover no reason for it. The families were Indian, and had no words for a white man in any case, but he thought their cacique had commanded their silence too.

This cacique was a strange fellow; pure Indian, he had the dignity of an aristocrat as well as the immobile reticence of his blood. Yet there was an intelligence about him that seemed to suggest a trained education, which, unwarranted by his situation, only made him a more mysterious entity. For instance, his handling of the situation was subtle. He never as much as hinted to Sherren that he wanted to turn him back—he knew that would create curiosity; he went to work on the carriers instead. It was they, who in a body, refused to go one step further.

But by then Sherren had found something that determined

him to go on at all costs. Behind the village, hidden by what Sherren was sure was a chapel, though the cacique would never let him enter it, Sherren found a well-defined trail, such a trail, in fact, that could only have been made by numberless llama trains using it through the ages. That trail struck straight for the harshest and highest barrier of the mountains, straight for peaks unexplored and unheard of by white men.

Sherren, his hopes stung to certainty by that trail, resolved to explore it. He argued, cajoled, made promises and even threatened his remaining men. Most refused, a growing fear held them too strongly for even the dominant white to carry them. There was that beyond the ranges they would not dare. Only after tremendous efforts did Sherren persuade his headman and two others to go with him.

Even they went in terror, for the journey had the qualities of a nightmare—valleys stifling hot and as full of rocks as a Dante vision, a trail that was at times a mere ledge on the walls of towering cliffs, gorges so terrific that the mind was appalled. It was of this section of his experiences that Sherren's mind had no certainty. He admitted that he knew, even then, that he was in the first stages of an attack of fever, and that these horrific visions might well have been part of his delirium, even though they seemed so real.

Take the crucial episode of the bridge—there is something more imaginative than real about it. They came upon it in a gorge so tremendous that, though they were half way up the cliff, it was almost dark at midday under the towering heights. The bridge spanned that spectral abyss like a mere thread, for it was a primitive rope affair, and on the other side instead of ending on a ledge similar to their own, it vanished into a crack in the cliffs, a mere black slit that looked as frightful as the entrance to the Inferno itself.

Sherren said his own soul blanched at that crossing, and his men rebelled. He had a memory, or a dream of himself trying to persuade them, of raving at them in his fever, then quite suddenly they were gone. He found himself alone, making his swaying way over that Tartarean bridge.

His experience became increasingly dream-like. What happened after that, what paths he travelled, how he managed to live for days (as he averred) on the small amount of food and water one man could carry, he did not know. In fact, everything was blank until he opened his eyes and saw the priests bending over him.

Even these priests, as I have shown, might have been fantasies created by his musing on the old Jesuits. They had, indeed, the quiet, controlled faces and the dark cassocks he remembered from the paintings of St. Francis Xavier and other Jesuits in Farm Street and the Salvador church of Buenos Aires, which were his reasons for thinking them priests. With them was the cacique of the strange village, who seemed to be explaining his obstinacy to them, and since he had left the cacique and his village behind days ago, that, definitely, seems to make the vision mere delirious fancy. And again, like all nightmares, the thing jumped about in the oddest way. After tending him with extreme gentleness the priests gave him a few sips of some cordial, and at once the swirling blankness of fever coma mastered him again.

This merged sometime later into a soothing swinging, when he appeared to be carried in a litter. He seemed to be lying soft and with heavy fibre curtains all round him, and his bearers were singing as they marched. It was a trained and tuneful singing, but a hymn and not a song. He did not understand the words, but the tune he had heard often at Benediction at the Salvador church, though never, he said, had he heard it rendered with such happy zest.

He pulled aside the curtains with his hand. He saw beneath him a strange, fine road of broad stone slabs. A road such as only ancient civilizations built. Beside him was an Indian who might have belonged to such a civilization. A well-built, free-striding man, dressed not in European slops, but in a fine, hand-woven robe bright with beads and feathers. Beyond he saw fields beautifully kept, and working in them Indian women clad in the gay tipoi of the Guarani. They were strong, comely women, who waved their arms cheerfully as the singers went by. They stuck in Sherren's mind because he had never seen Indians so completely, serenely happy before. He also saw a wayside shrine, Indian work, very finely carved and painted, and of Our Lady, not some strange god. Then the Indian beside him bent a laughing face to his and gave him a drink, and once more swirling fever took him.

In his next vision he was in bed in a big, cool room. For a moment he thought his brain had regained normal, for the room was of the sort one still finds in great old Spanish houses. Yet though it had that ancient space and dignity, he saw that it was neater and brighter and enriched with more of the strange Indian decorative work, though, again, part of that was a crucifix and the statue of some female saint. An Indian

woman tended him in this part of his dream, while another of the priests, who also seemed a doctor, came in now and then. But he, like the woman, like everyone in this experience was kind. A calm, glowing serenity of kindness seemed to be the very aura of the place.

Their gentleness was remarkable. He never experienced harshness. Even that morning when he nearly killed himself by getting out of bed, they only smiled at him. Singing had awakened him to the golden loveliness of early sunlight. Some sort of procession was approaching the house. He heard the silver notes of strange wind instruments, played beautifully, mingling with the voices. He dragged himself from his bed to the windows to see.

The mere view at first took his breath away—it was as entrancing as only dream landscapes can be. His house was on the hillside of a vast bowl set amid snow-capped mountains and the whole panorama stretched beneath him. Immediately under his window was an immense sweep of lawn lively with beds of radiant flowers. It was as lovely as a fairyland park. Big, graceful, bright-painted houses of stone and stucco made three sides of it. Some looked like huge living houses, some enormous barns. There was a big and graceful Spanish church to the right.

Crossing the open end of the gardens was a broad stone road. Beyond that an immense vista of perfect tillage, dropping down to the floor of the valley. He saw splendid fields in crop, orchards alight with blossom, and amid them many houses and churches. Further he saw great ranges of the greenest grass with slow herds moving on them. Beyond, under the tremendous turrets of the mountains to his left, he saw the mass of a city, towers and roofs and steeples, a superb grouping of line and colour, all shining in the limpid glory of clear air and bright sunlight. A city such as never was on land or sea—the dream city of Los Cesares.

As he looked, the head of the singing procession appeared on the road. It was a festal procession of happy men and women. A band playing archaic instruments led them, and they carried many bright banners; all sang lustily with a sort of irrestrainable joy, though singing and playing was of the highest standard of training. Sherren wondered what great feast day this was, until he saw it was none at all. These happy people were merely going to their day's work. They carried tools on their shoulders, though they carried them like the arms of chivalry, and presently they began to leave

the road in groups, each under its own banner, and, still singing, spread to their labours in the fields. Sherren gaped, thinking of the way the industrial throngs of Europe go greyly to their work—what race was this that could greet labour with song?

Of course, this was but another proof that it was all a dream. He had read of the Jesuits' work in Paraguay, and was merely the victim of a dream reconstruction of the way the Indians of the vanished Reductions had gone to *their* work. Mere sense told him that such lovely endeavour and so lovely a world could not now be.

His strength gave out as he watched, it seemed, and he collapsed. The nursing woman and several men carried him to his bed, and all were gentle. Even the priest-doctor remained kind. Indeed, this was a land of smiles. There seemed no anger or malice in it, no discontents nor ugliness, only a deep and serene charity that gave life an unaffected loveliness.

That, in fact, was Sherren's abiding impression of this strange dream world. Its sweetness was a balm to the spirit that gradually mastered his soul. The singing, the laughter of children and of men and women as carefree as children, the grace and graciousness of all these free and happy people, their unaffected generosity made this world Arcadia itself.

Once, for instance, he saw a beautiful plaque of some strange but precious metal, hanging round his attendant's neck. It was the head of a saint, wrought by a master. The woman, seeing the admiration in his eyes, took it from her neck and placed it round his. She gave it with smiles, wanting no return. When Sherren dug a handful of Argentine silver from the pocket of his clothes, the woman examined the coins as something strange and crude, and gave them back. They meant nothing to her. Her own gift had been free, needing no recompense.

In fact Sherren seemed to remember the priest-doctor saying as much, and, for once, in Spanish, for he had the words clear: "Money means nothing here," the priest said. "We don't buy or sell: we share. Here men work and live and give for love. . ."

That quality was the abiding memory of Sherren's dream—a sense of unbounded, gentle and unstinted love. No enmities or greedy desires, no grabbing, no competition; nor stress, nor strain nor anxiety for the future, nor fear nor fighting—just the beauty of natural life lived in calm brotherhood and content, amid beauty and singing, good craftsman-

ship, laughter and worship. Such a sense of serene loveliness grew in Sherren's soul that desire for it became a mania. That was why he had to go back.

Yes, even after his return to our world he lived only to find this dream world again. It was sheer madness, as I pointed out when he told me his story, for not only did his own fantastic narrative but actual fact proved that the whole thing was only a sick man's hallucination. Take his coming to his senses, for instance—when he came out of his fever Sherren found himself *not* in the fabled land of Los Cesares, or the lovely valleys of a Jesuit arcadia, but in a hut beside Lake Nahuel-Huapi.

The headman who was supposed to have shared his experiences as far as that strange bridge, was looking after him, if most of the other carriers had left. More, the headman's story left no doubt (to my mind, anyhow) as to what had actually happened. He told Sherren that he (Sherren) must have caught the fever that caused so much trouble before leaving the lake, though they did not know that until after their march into the wilderness began. He said that Sherren had become seriously ill just as they reached the unmapped mountain village. Yes, there was such a village, even a cacique, a remarkable looking man, agreeing even in the headman's description to Sherren's memory. It was this cacique who had advised carrying Sherren back to the lake, since the mean conditions of the village as well as its altitude were against the white man's recovery.

They had carried Sherren back in a litter, so accounting for that portion of his dream, and even for the singing. The cacique had provided some of his mountaineers for the task, and they had sung all the way, sung, too, as they had started their return journey. Even the woman attendant was accounted for, and the priest-doctor. The headman had called in both from a nearby village of Indians, both being skilled in dealing with fevers.

The whole thing, then, was perfectly clear. Sherren had been the victim of a fever hallucination. His delirious brain had woven actual happenings into his musings on Father Mascardi and the Jesuits, while his reading about the Paraguayan Reductions, welling up from the subconscious, had helped to create a fantastic, if lovely, dream-world such as never was on land or sea—to use his own quotation.

In moments of common sense Sherren agreed I was prob-

ably right—yet he would never quite agree. He declared that his visions had been too actual, the details too specific. He was certain he had made that journey. In vain did I bring up the headman's story as proof that he had never gone beyond that mountain village. Sherren argued obstinately that the headman's story of that strange village and its extraordinary cacique, was convincing proof that he was right, for the reason for both was that they were go-betweens for that hidden land and the outer world. That llama path, which he was sure he had found, was the trail by which these hidden people slipped their surplus goods out into the world to exchange for tools and so forth that even Arcadia must have.

That cacique, he argued, was not merely an agent of the hidden people, but their guard. Sherren was sure that the man had slipped by him on the road, hence his vision of his explaining him to the priests. He was sure that the priests had used the cacique to get him out of their secret land once he was nearly cured (having drugged him so that he would see nothing on the way), and that having detained the headman in his village, the man had sent Sherren back to the lake with his own men, commanding them to tell the story they had told Sherren for the protection of the hidden land.

No, nothing would shake Sherren out of his own opinions. And indeed, he did not want them shaken. The loveliness of that vision of peace and happiness had mastered his soul as a desire for gold never had. It became a mania. It grew on him until his longing to return and find it became irresistible.

Inevitably, he went back. No persuasion of mine or his intimates would stop him. He slipped away, with only a note to me saying: "I must go. I know that that place exists, and knowing it, no other life is worth while. And if it is only a dream—why, isn't it a dream worth daring in a world like ours . . . ?"

That was over a year ago. A few months later he was at Lake Nahuel-Huapi gathering a picked band of carriers. After that we heard nothing until to-day. . . And to-day the papers are full of the news of an Explorer Lost in the South American Wilds. That explorer is—or was—Sherren. A few peons have straggled back from the mountains with the news that he went on with two companions into the high Cordilleras and never came back.

So, another good man is lost on a strange quest . . . and yet sometimes I wonder. Is he really lost—or has he found that which is too good to lose again?

DOUGLAS NEWTON.

HAMLET, OPHELIA — MR. WILSON

IT is a strange thing that almost the sanest man who ever lived and wrote should, so almost unfailingly, beget insanity in others.

Almost all Shakespearean Commentators and Writers about Shakespeare, even the sanest of them, such as Professor J. Dover Wilson, sooner or later approach the border-line of insanity, or at least, after they have been some time at the game, become enmeshed in a web of their own subtleties—lost in a maze of their own devising. The less sane for the most part go straight in off the deep end and thereafter you discern no more of them but bubbles.

Yet it is perhaps, on reflection, not altogether so strange that this should happen, for it is one of the inevitable results of specialization that the specialist becomes after a while unable to see the wood for the trees, and further—if he is to make a reputation out of the business—that he must justify his existence as an Explorer by a Marco-Polo-ish discovery of non-existent wonders or, if he has less imagination, by mere accumulation of detail, otiose explication of the obvious or fatuous suggestion of dark and hidden motives, historical, political or religious, underlying and prompting a plain narrative or a play of simple human emotion. So, in this bureaucratic age, do the heads of new departments justify their existence (and their salaries) by the multiplication of forms to be filled up by harassed householders and farmers, and the compiling from them of statistics which no one ever reads.

Theirs, however, is a comparatively harmless game, for even though it exasperates the lieges and is costly to the taxpayer, it does, I suppose (though at disproportionate cost), relieve unemployment and the resulting statistics (certain to be misleading as all statistics are) do no harm—because they are not read.

I wish I could think the same of the activities of Shakespeare Commentators, but I cannot. The reading of Shakespeare is a more important matter than the standardization or the tabulation of Industry, and the trouble is that in their case the statistics *are* read, because they are forced down the throats of defenceless boys.

In my day they were not. I was allowed to find Shakespeare

for myself—and I did; but now, for a long time, no boy has been permitted to read Shakespeare plain—to drink him neat, to plunge into him naked, but is introduced to him in a text so cluttered up with notes, so obfuscated with explanations, so fogged with theories, so metagrobolized, Pichrocoled and Cocquecigruated, that it is no wonder that by the time he leaves school he is so sick of Shakespeare that he never looks into him again—and so never comes to know him really at all.

The only right way to get to know Shakespeare is to read him simply, in exactly the same spirit as you sit down to a good dinner or go for a walk in spring. You do not need to have argued dietetics with the chef in the kitchen, or to carry a book of botany and study it at every stile, and I am violently of opinion that no boy (or girl, for that matter) should be permitted to read an annotated Shakespeare or any book about him at all until he has first read the whole of his plays and poems at least once (as I thank heaven I did) off his own bat, and because he wanted to. He will do that all right if he is the right kind of boy and has it in him—if you encourage him to start and then let him alone.

These preliminary reflections have been forced from me by the reading of a book which I have just laid down—"What Happens in Hamlet," by Professor J. Dover Wilson,¹ who is, as I have said, one of the saner of Shakespeare Critics. It is not a bad book of its kind and I will admit that I found it quite interesting—in parts, but I do not think it would be unfair to say of it (as has been said before of similar books) that where it is true it is not new, and that where it is new it is either not true or comparatively unimportant. It had its genesis, as Professor Wilson tells us in his Epistle Dedicatory, in an article written by Mr. Walter Wilson Greg, as long ago as the year 1917, in which he raised certain difficulties about the generally accepted reading of *Hamlet*, mainly in connexion with the Play Scene—the Mousetrap. These difficulties are first set out by Professor Wilson on p. 5, and are repeated continually throughout the book, but are perhaps best summarized in the series of eleven questions (six major and five minor) set out on p. 139 with this preliminary challenge: "I would ask those who think they understand the play scene to read over Shakespeare's pages again, and then to find answers to the following questions:—"

Well, I am one who does think he understands the Play

¹ "What Happens in Hamlet," by J. Dover Wilson, Litt.D., F.B.A. Cambridge University Press. Price, 12s. 6d.

Scene and I do assure Professor Wilson that I should have no difficulty whatever in answering every one of those eleven questions (though some of them were not worth asking) at any time; and I would do it here and now if I had the space to do so which, unfortunately, I have not. I have only room in the rest of this article to deal with Chapter iv, which is entitled "Antic Disposition," and which discusses Hamlet's simulated madness and, more particularly, the one *real* difficulty in the whole play—his treatment of Ophelia.

For in the years from 1917 to 1935 while this book was in gestation, Professor Wilson discovered other matters besides those raised by Mr. Greg, and the contribution he makes to the explaining away of Hamlet's brutal speeches to Ophelia is, perhaps, the most original, if not the most valuable, in the whole book—though marred, as I propose to show, by two very serious and almost unforgivable blots. *Parturiunt montes*—for sixteen years!—but at least one considerable-sized mouse was born.

Now in this matter of Hamlet's madness it is clear that no one, unless out of perversity or because he was mentally incapable, could ever possibly have supposed that Shakespeare intended us to believe that Hamlet was really mad—or anywhere near it. There are people I know who have held, or pretended to hold, that opinion, and I remember that some twelve years ago I observed that in a debate in the Union at Oxford a large majority of undergraduates, by voting against Hamlet's sanity, cast grave doubts on their own. Since then Oxford has lost the boat-race for twelve years in succession, but if I believed in the decadence of Oxford (which I do not) it would be the first rather than the second of these unfortunate happenings that I should regard as the more serious symptom. Fortunately, however, Oxford does not subsist wholly upon the Isis—or the Union.

Nor are the reasons which induced Hamlet to simulate insanity at all difficult to see. In no other of his plays has Shakespeare taken such pains to make the motives plain. A dozen of Hamlet's speeches state them, repeat them, explain them, rub them in. A blind man could hardly miss them. They stand out gross as a mountain, open, palpable.

Yet though on these matters Professor Wilson is, in the main, orthodox enough, he still cannot resist playing a little with heresy. In discussing what I should describe as Hamlet's occasional display of somewhat hysterical emotion, he continually hints and even goes near to saying that Hamlet was

very near the edge of actual insanity. He makes much play (pp. 90 and 91) with Hamlet's description of his own head as "this distracted globe," after the departure of his father's ghost, describes him as "in a pitiable condition, beaten to the ground, distraught, half-paralysed," and so forth, and concludes: "In short, this passage of a hundred lines exhibits Hamlet in a state of extreme emotional instability" (so far so good, though I think "stress" would have been better than "instability") *"and with an intellect tottering on its seat."* He then goes on to say that his hysterical emotion was not due wholly to his father's apparition and disclosures (a thing to shake any son) for that he had twice before displayed signs of an "antic disposition." Both of these instances are completely negligible, but it is clear that the Professor is nibbling at the idea that perhaps Hamlet was mad after all—or as near as no matter—for he winds up thus (p. 92): *"In a word, Shakespeare wishes us to feel that Hamlet assumes madness because he cannot help it."* Shakespeare does not wish us to do anything of the kind, as he has made Hamlet very clearly explain that he was going to "help it" whenever he liked, but I have italicized this sentence because it seems to me to be one of the most remarkable sentences ever written, and the more I ponder upon it the more staggering it becomes. How a man can "assume" anything (unless, possibly, a pair of breeches at the pistol's point) against his will I do not understand, and when it comes to "*assuming*" a character or mental attitude not your own "*because you cannot help it*" the conception leaves me faint beyond pursuing.

I should have thought it needed a very strong exercise of the will and, though I am no alienist, I should have supposed that the power to assume or simulate insanity would be about the strongest evidence of sanity that you could possibly find.

In justice to Professor Wilson, however, I should tell you that he does not launch this portentous sentence without explanation, and this is how he explains it—Hamlet's intellect is "trottering on its seat," but Hamlet is aware of it and makes use of it! When the antic mood comes on "it comes unsought, but is *welcomed* as affording relief . . . and is *accordingly purposely* elaborated and prolonged." Hamlet "is conscious that he no longer retains perfect control over himself. *What more natural* than that he should conceal his nervous breakdown behind a mask which would enable him to let himself go when the fit is upon him?"

The ingenuity of this leaves me spellbound. I have italicized

some of the more precious words. I could not help it. Perhaps the most priceless is the naïve "*What more natural?*" What more natural than that a madman should be so sane as to make shrewd use of his insanity! Here we have a man who, when he feels madness coming upon him (an unusual though possible consciousness I imagine) is so sanely aware of his own insanity that he can adopt it, regulate it and direct it for his own purposes and at his own will! Here, I should have said, is evidence not of insanity, but of a sort of super-sanity never before heard of. But, in any case, it will not do, for afterwards and throughout the play Hamlet puts on and discards his "antic disposition" at his will, and not merely when the mood compels him. Or are we to suppose that by a series of miraculous coincidences "the fit comes on" pat on each occasion when it is politic or necessary for him to hoodwink Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, to fool Polonius, to mystify the King? Is it not clear as noonday that Hamlet is throughout so sane and so quick-witted that he can and does put on and off his simulated madness like a cloak and that it is he who fools them, and not they him, to the top of his bent?

No, it will not do; thus does over-ingenuity lay snares for the foot of the over-ingenious.

I must hurry now to Ophelia. Professor Wilson is perfectly right when he says (p. 101) that "the attitude of Hamlet towards Ophelia is without doubt the greatest of all the puzzles in the play." I should have said myself that it was the only one—the only one I mean of any difficulty or importance—and long ago (long before 1917) I had thought out the best explanation I could of it. It is not a perfectly satisfactory one, I admit, but I think it is better than Professor Wilson's, and I will say what it is presently.

He says, very rightly (p. 103), that "the only possible defence for him [Hamlet] is to show that he had grounds" for what he did and said. I do not agree that he "treats Ophelia like a prostitute," but I agree that what he said was bad enough and asks for a great deal of explaining or excuse.

Now Professor Wilson's great discovery (or invention) is that the line of Polonius in Act II, scene 2

At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him
was overheard by Hamlet.

There is nothing new in the idea that Hamlet was conscious of the fact that when, in fact, Ophelia was "loosed to him" in Act III, scene 1 she had been deliberately sent to find out, if

she could, what was the cause of his "antic disposition," and that those who had sent her were listening behind the arras or somewhere within earshot. Everybody has always thought so, and indeed later on (p. 131), Professor Wilson claims that his discovery (or, as he calls it now, "the restored entry [of Hamlet] at 2. 2. 159," as if it were an established fact) "happily rids us of the traditional stage business of Polonius exposing himself (in the Nunnery Scene) to the eye of Hamlet and the audience."

That, I admit, is a clumsy device and I think unnecessary. I have always thought that Hamlet became aware of some noise or whispering or scuffling at the end of his great soliloquy and that that is why he breaks it off suddenly—as he does—with "Soft you now!—The fair Ophelia—"

It would be simple to let that appear without any "crude trick," but that would not suit Professor Wilson because the sole reason why he insists that Hamlet must have overheard the plot in Act II, scene 2—some hundreds of lines earlier—is that he may make him hear that line "I'll loose my daughter to him," and instantly read into the meaning of the verb the vilest construction and become convinced in a flash that Polonius is a pander and Ophelia a loose woman!

The suggestion would be one to strain credulity in the case of any father and daughter. When you consider the character of Polonius and how careful he had been to instruct his daughter to repel advances which he feared were not likely to lead to marriage, and when you also consider the somewhat colourless innocence of Ophelia, the suggestion becomes merely wanton. The analogies Professor Wilson gives, from "The Tempest" and "The Merry Wives" of a similar use of the verb "loose to," do not bear out his argument and, indeed, the second textually contradicts it.

That Hamlet, who, as Professor Wilson elsewhere insists, had been truly in love with Ophelia, should thus instantly leap to a vile construction of a word in its ordinary sense perfectly harmless and so tear love from his heart and thereupon treat the beloved like a—well, as Professor Wilson says he does treat her—is a hard thing to swallow and, recognizing this, Professor Wilson explains it in this way.

He says (pp. 111, 112) that on that occasion, described by Ophelia in Act II, scene 1, when Hamlet came to her "all unbraced. . . As if he had been loosed out of Hell to speak of horrors," he came "for help and consolation" in his distress, but that "she has nothing for him." "And so, after a long

pause waiting for the help that never comes, he takes his leave :

At last, a little shaking of mine arm . . .
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being . . ."

and so on, to the end of that touching description. And then Professor Wilson concludes thus : "She fails; and the 'piteous' sigh shows that he realizes her failure and that all is over between them. She has rejected his love and proved unresponsive to an appeal of extreme need. *He is not yet suspicious of her; but the ground of his mind is ready for suspicion should the seed fall.*"

You see? In the very next scene he overhears—or Professor Wilson makes him overhear—the fatal "loose her to him" and instantly the seed is sown and Suspicion sprouts and burgeons, and Love withers and dies, more swiftly than Jonah's gourd! So is Hamlet's subsequent behaviour explained and excused. But again I say—it will not do. There is something in the suggestion that Hamlet came to Ophelia on that occasion for comfort in his distress and was disappointed at receiving none, and he may have realized that she was not of the stuff of which heroines and helpmeets are made as, poor girl, she certainly was not; but that would not have made him suspicious of her *virtue*, nor could it come within a hundred miles of explaining, and still less of condoning, his subsequent language and conduct, especially in the viler sense in which Professor Wilson interprets them.

And even supposing the facts to have been as Professor Wilson states them, supposing, that is to say, that Hamlet's love had been thus suddenly turned to loathing, how does he explain that last outburst of Hamlet in Act V, scene 1 when he leaps into Ophelia's grave—

I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum.—

Is this the language of loathing—or of love turned to hate? Or would Professor Wilson say that it was feigned? It rings true to me.

Professor Wilson does not refer to this passage at all in his "Hamlet and Ophelia" chapter, whether purposely or not I cannot say. It should naturally have been mentioned there and explained, but it is not till p. 270 when he is dealing with the Grave Scene that it seems to have occurred to him that

without explanation it stands somewhat in the way of his cherished thesis, and he gets rid of the difficulty thus: "What more there is in it" (*i.e.*, Hamlet's "hysteric outburst" when he leaps into the grave) "is not love for Ophelia—that *had been dead and buried long before she was—but self-reproach that love is absent* : he is careful to say 'I loved Ophelia.' The outburst makes a fine scene, however, *and the excitement of it no doubt brings him pleasure.*" (*Italics mine.*)

What kind of a creature does he thus make Hamlet out to be! And why, if love is killed and long dead and buried by the gross conduct of the once-beloved, showing that she never deserved love—was never, in fact, what he thought she was so that his love was given to a non-existent being—*why* should there be any "self-reproach that love is absent"?

Worst and weakest of all is the plea—"he is careful to say 'I loved Ophelia' "—and not "I love." "Careful" in the midst of an "hysteric outburst"? And as for the tense of the verb to love, what tense, I wonder, does Professor Wilson use, in speech or thought, when he stands by the grave of a dead friend and drops regretful earth upon the coffin-lid?

Again I say it will not do: but it is instructive to see to what desperate straits of reasoning an intelligent man may be brought in defence or support of a cherished hypothesis.

No. The only explanation I have been able to find for Hamlet's words and conduct to Ophelia (and I admit it is not wholly adequate) is this: When he came to her on that occasion, "as if from Hell," he came, partly perhaps for consolation, *but chiefly for renunciation.*

After his father's dread disclosure, after the oath that he had sworn, he knew that he was no more for love and marriage and the happiness of children. He knew that he was a man unhappy, doomed, consecrate to revenge; and that when his horrid mission was accomplished he must die or, if he still lived, must live a man branded and apart. He could not ask the child Ophelia to share that destiny with him, and so he went to her to renounce love, to tell her it could not be—and to say good-bye. And then his fatal incapacity for action seized him; he could not screw his courage to the sticking-point, and failing to say farewell with his lips he tried to say it with his eyes. Of course, Ophelia did not understand—how should she?—and so all was to do again. But Hamlet never could do it outright, and so, as I conceive, foolishly, absurdly, but, I think, quite in consonance with his character as Shake-

spere drew him, he set himself to kill her love for him. Thus, he thought, he would inflict the lesser pain.

Take it for what it is worth. I do not say it excuses him or even wholly explains, but it is at least some sort of explanation—and it is the only one which will not make his burst of grief in Ophelia's grave a sorry farce, which I will never believe Shakespeare intended it to be. If it does not wholly absolve Hamlet, it leaves him less a knave than Professor Wilson's which strangely seems, the more it tries to excuse Hamlet, the more to blacken him. For, not content with making him leap to the worst construction of one harmless verb he, throughout his comments on the "Nunnery Scene" (pp. 125—136), makes all Hamlet's coarse and brutal words carry a worse meaning than it is absolutely necessary to give them, and insists finally (supporting his insistence again by references) that, when he repeatedly tells her to go to a Nunnery, he means by "Nunnery" a "house of ill-fame."

This is the second of the blots I mentioned—and I think it is even more wanton than the first.

Hamlet was, after all, a gentleman in the Elizabethan sense of the word, and though he might conceive the foolish idea of blackening himself in Ophelia's eyes to kill her love, there are limits beyond which he would not go. As to the foolishness of the idea I would only point out that it has been used pretty frequently in plays and novels; and that the average playgoer is ready to swallow it and find it noble and touching, is evidenced by the continued success of that version of "David Garrick" in which Charles Wyndham, not so very many years ago, used to draw tears of sympathy and understanding from successive and admiring audiences.

There are a good many other things I should like to talk about in Professor Wilson's book, but the only thing I have left room for is a protest against the changing, in the line

Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt
of the word "solid" to the word "sullied."

Professor Wilson repeats it over and over again, as if he were proud of it. It leaves me not merely cold but antagonistic, and I can only suppose that he (or whoever invented the emendation) must have been listening to an actor who pronounced the English language with what it has latterly been the habit of a certain sort of journalists to describe as (which it isn't and never has been) "the Oxford accent."

WILLIAM BLISS.

THREE NEW POLTERGEIST TALES

THE three following stories have all, I may say, come to me at first hand in the form in which they were written down by the eye-witnesses who describe the part they themselves played in the manifestations. The stories are none of them of very recent date, and they are to that extent open to the objection that there may have been room for the operation of what Mr. Podmore calls "exaggerative memory." Still, I have myself been responsible for part of the delay in publication, mainly because I hoped for an opportunity of searching for confirmation in contemporary newspapers. Unfortunately, however, the pressure of other work has prevented this, and as I have every reason to trust the perfect good faith of the narrators, whose names and addresses are known to me, and whose character is vouched for by friends, I publish the stories now for fear they should grow still more out of date, and be in the end entirely forgotten. As the reader will see, the first of these experiences is an Irish case, the second French, and the third, which belongs to the last century, comes all the way from Madras. I can only return my hearty thanks to the writers of these accounts for permitting me to make use of them. Here and there a slight curtailment has been made, or a trivial modification of the wording, such as a hurriedly written manuscript often requires before being sent to the press, but the substance of the facts narrated has not in any way been tampered with. In each case it seemed preferable to allow the writer to speak for himself in the first person.

I

I was a sergeant in the Royal Irish Constabulary in charge of a sub-district in or about November, 1916. I had an official document which required the signature of a certain farmer in my district. Being on duty in the market-town on a Fair Day, I happened to meet the farmer on the street and told him to call at my station at his earliest convenience to sign the document in question. The farmer replied saying: "Sergeant, I am in great trouble. I came to town to-day to arrange for the funeral of my youngest child. I am suffering terrible annoyance in my house night and day for almost a

week. Some unseen spirit is wrecking my house, throwing cooking utensils about and breaking delf. It flung a bottle of ink over my dying child, hurled a heavy glass salt-cellar at a mirror in the sick-room and broke a valuable tea set of old china that my wife was carrying downstairs for safety. She was about half way down the stairs with the china in her apron, when the whole lot was completely smashed in my presence as well as in that of a few friends who had come to the wake. The day previous to the death of the child, myself and servants were churning in the kitchen, when the butter was taken from the churn and some of it thrown against the ceiling ten feet high. I found some of the broken china in my byre some thirty yards distant."

I sympathized with the farmer, who was a strong, active man, aged about forty. He had a farm of eighty acres or so, kept twelve or fourteen cows, with two horses, young cattle and some sheep. He usually employed a manservant as well as a maid, and appeared to be in comfortable circumstances. His two-storied house, with eight or ten rooms, had a wide hall and a large kitchen. The entrance to the kitchen from the back door was along a passage across which a wall had been built to keep the draught from affecting the kitchen fire, as may be seen in most houses in Ireland.

I told the farmer not to come to the Barrack as it was three miles distant from where he lived, and that I would call on him at his house the day after the funeral. In accordance with this arrangement I went there a day or two later, and was shown the damage done, which was being added to hourly. I saw the butter, some of which was still on the ceiling, and went into the bedroom, a large room, in which the child died. I was shown the mirror which was hit exactly in the centre with such force as to leave a mark like the bottom of a salt-cellar. The mirror-glass was broken in a thousand streaks radiating from the point of injury. It was a good-quality dressing table and the mirror attached was of the heavy bevelled glass kind.

Having seen all the damage, I sat down in the kitchen in the presence of the farmer, his wife, two children (a boy about seven and a girl about ten) and the servant maid. I was adding some words to the document I had brought, when the little girl drew her mother's attention to a towel or kitchen-cloth being thrown across the kitchen towards the legs of the table near where I was seated. Whereupon the wife said :

"Maybe you'll believe it now, Sergeant." Being engaged in writing I had not noticed anything and said so. The document having been signed, I listened to a full account the farmer gave me, in the presence of his family and servant, of the strange things which had been happening. The most striking part of the story was that the spook seemed to single out the wife and the little girl for all the punishment; the man himself was in no way molested. There was in the kitchen during the dialogue a strange tenseness, although it was not more than 2.30 p.m. Being an old warrior, I was still unsatisfied with what I saw, and I came to the conclusion in my own mind that if some one of the seven or eight flitches of bacon that were suspended near the ceiling, or if one of the two horse-collars which were hanging on pins in the wall over the fireplace should be thrown down, I should then be satisfied as to the reality of the spook; but I took care not to betray what was passing in my mind, either by look or otherwise, to anybody that were present.

After addressing a few words to the wife about her making restitution,¹ I stood up to go. The woman and children said they would not remain when I left, so they started for the back door—the servant first, followed by the two children, then the farmer's wife, next the farmer, and I bringing up the rear. I had got across the kitchen near the end of the obstructing wall and was turning into the passage, but still in full view of the kitchen, when suddenly one of the horse-collars was flung from its position, high up on the wall, the whole length of the room, landing on the floor with a smack. The farmer turned, and after we had both examined the collar, he said: "You must now believe"; to which I assented. We passed into the yard, going towards the road, when a graip (dung-fork) was thrown across the yard by unseen hands.

These people were Catholics, and I advised the farmer to have Mass said in his house. Some days later I learnt that the curate had said Mass there, and that even while Mass was being said there was some disturbance. I was further informed that immediately after my departure the wife, children and servant sought shelter in the house of a neighbour. They were pursued by an unseen agent and pelted with turf and stones right up to the door. Much later, after I had left the

¹ There is nothing to explain this. Possibly the Sergeant's visit was connected with some police-court charge in which the farmer's wife had been bound over.

R.I.C., I was told that the farmer had had to build a new dwelling at some distance from his original residence. The belief in the neighbourhood was that some time before this date a man, who believed he had suffered a grievous wrong, vowed to have revenge on the farmer's wife and her child. It was said that he lost his life in America just about the time the disturbances commenced.

(Signed) E. O'C.

II

The narrator, in this case a lady, writes as follows :

I live with a friend, an American, in a little village in the north of France, Monneville, (Oise), and one winter, a good many years ago, she went to America in November and I came out to Monneville to put in a month's work (painting) before going to England for Christmas. It was very bad weather, wet and dark and the roads seas of mud ; there was no one in the village but the little shop-keepers and farm labourers ; the two better-class families who spent their summers in the country had gone back to Paris weeks before, so I was left very much to my own resources.

One morning I was told that strange things were happening in the house of an old woman who lived not five minutes off. She dwelt alone with her grandson, a boy of about fourteen years, who was rather feeble-minded and who complained that someone upset his bed every night so that he fell out on the floor. So the grandmother took him into her bed, and then her bed began to rock too, so that they both nearly fell out together. She told some neighbours of mine and invited them to come round in the evening and see for themselves. So they asked me if I would like to accompany them.

We went about eight o'clock and found the old woman and the boy in bed in a big bedstead set with one side against the wall (the boy inside) both of them in a great state of alarm. Though not very much happened that night, so far as I remember, there were knockings, taps on the walls, on the ceiling and on the floor, others heard in the armoire and even in the stove, there were also saucepans rattling, and so on. We stayed with her an hour or two, and then, as the knocks seemed to have stopped, we came home.

The next night we went again, and more happened. I distinctly saw the bed rise up on the side so that the leg of the bed was nearly a foot off the floor. The old lady was terribly

frightened and begged us to stay with her all night, but we came away and left her.

Then the neighbours began to hear of it, and more people came; there would be five or six people in the room and as many as thirty in the little court outside looking through the window. Further, the more people came, the more the knockings, etc., increased in violence. One night besides ourselves—by which I mean Clovis (the "chantre" at the church) his wife, Armantine, his daughter Madeleine and me—there were in the room the village butcher and a Belgian youth called René, who was a strong, thick-set fellow. He and the butcher placed themselves by the bed and tried with all their strength to keep it from rocking, but it rocked in spite of all their efforts, the legs rising about a foot off the floor. Then Armantine had an idea and said: "Let us try if we can get it to answer us." Clovis was willing, but he said: "Be sure to call it 'tu' not 'vous'; these things are our inferiors and we must treat them as such." So Armantine stood forth in the middle of the floor and told it it was to knock once for "no" and twice for "yes," and then started her questions with: "Es-tu le bon Dieu?"

Answer a very decided no.

"Es-tu le diable?"

A hesitating no.

"Es-tu de sa famille?"

A very decided yes.

Then they thought they would like to know who sent it to bother the old woman, so they asked it: "Was it a man who sent you?" "No." "A woman?" "Yes." "How old is she?" Thirty-four knocks. "How many children has she?" Five knocks, etc., etc.,

Now I found out afterwards that nearly everyone there but myself had made up their minds that a certain woman had sent it, and the answers were all correct as regarded that woman and were what everyone but myself was expecting. They asked it a great many questions such as the time by the church clock, which it gave to the minute, though as it was pitch dark and the church clock is very erratic, we had to wait till next day to find out just how much difference there was between it and our watches.

They told it to imitate various noises, such as sawing wood (you heard the saw and then the two bits drop), beating a drum, whetting a scythe, crowing like a cock. Each time it

responded perfectly, also if they told it to tap on the ceiling, on the floor, or in the armoire, it did it almost before the words were out of their mouths. Then I had a try in English, and it did everything I told it to do. I was the only person in the room who understood English. Then René spoke to it in "Flamand," and he told us it did everything he said.

This sort of thing went on every night for a fortnight, and the village got more and more excited; reporters came from Beauvais—even from Paris; so the "Maire" was very much annoyed and sent the gendarmes, who forbade anyone to go to the house, but as the gendarmes came from Chaumont, ten kilometres away, and were never here after dark, that did not make much difference.

Unfortunately, I was obliged to leave and go to England, so I do not know exactly how it came to an end. When I got back in the spring I heard a great many stories of what happened, but this is all I know of my own knowledge.

(Signed) M.S.L.

III

As well as I can remember I was about nine or ten years of age at the time this story begins, in 1872 or 1873. We lived at St. Thomas's Mount, a military station (for Artillery), a few miles from Madras, with my mother, who brought us down to attend school. The family consisted of my eldest brother Tom, aged about thirteen years, Herbert eleven, and myself nine and a half, Bertie seven and a half, Mercy five, and Dan.

My grandfather—Thomas Cronan, retired—lived some distance from us. The Cronans had at the time two sons, Fred and George, aged about twelve and sixteen. We went across as usual to see our grandparents with our mother, and while we boys were playing together, sailing boats in a rather large-sized tub, a pebble fell in the centre of the tub, making an unusual noise for so small a stone. We began to accuse one another as to who did it—each one in turn, of course, denying—when a larger stone fell into the tub. This rather startled us, and in a short time a few more fell. So we ran away to our parents, who were sitting out in the garden. While we were trying to explain what had happened, another stone fell in our midst. This broke up the gathering and, as it was dusk, we went home.

Nothing happened for a few days, but on our next visit to our grandparents the stones fell again, this time larger and at shorter intervals. Nothing further occurred that night, but the next evening we stayed in, and the stones started falling around us inside the house. Each day they got worse, larger and more frequent, but for some time no damage was done. The officer commanding the station at that time came over and placed a guard round the house, and even put men on the roof—the stones fell around them. When the doors were closed, stones, then a brick, fell, as though coming from the roof, but no one saw the brick fall nor from whence it came, and as it fell it remained in the same place. The more the house was guarded with troops, the worse the trouble became, so the Colonel withdrew his men.

One morning we found everything from the dressing table, lamps, ornaments, etc., laid on the ground, in the same way as they had previously been arranged on the table; this went on for some days. After this stopped, many things used to disappear from the house for a day or two, and then again be replaced. So far, no damage had been done, until one day the glass stopper flew out of a scent bottle, fell on the ground and broke. Then everything went, one thing after another; for instance, the table would be laid, but as we sat down to our meals, the plates would disappear, and a crash would be heard in the next room where the plates were found in pieces.

At this stage my uncles, Thomas and James Cronan, visited us; when the younger, Thomas, seeing all these things happen, took down a large crucifix from the wall, placed it on a chest of drawers and said: "I defy anything to touch this cross." But as he was leaving the room he was struck on the back by the same cross, which fell behind him on the ground. This convinced Thomas Cronan that nothing could be done.

Both brothers, however, concluded that my eldest brother Tom was not looking well, and decided to take him with them to Madras. On the way a marble paper-weight which was in our house fell into the carriage, which at once settled the matter that Tom was the victim or medium, as from the time he left the house at St. Thomas's Mount, nothing happened there. The third day after he arrived in Madras, on awaking in the morning, all the doors were found removed from their hinges and laid against the wall. The next day Tom got a severe fit—to be followed by many which invariably came on

at midnight. The day previous to these paroxysms Tom would be unusually quiet, keeping absolutely to himself, at night he would retire early; when the fit was coming on he would sigh very heavily in his sleep, then stretch himself and open his eyes. During these periods, one could hardly recognize him as the same boy, every limb appeared to grow larger and his face was distorted and ugly. He would answer any question, and foretell every event that would take place before the next fit came on. The duration of the fit would be from one and a half to two hours, and when it was leaving him he would fall asleep for a minute or two, and then make a desperate plunge with the object of destroying himself. Every precaution had to be taken to prevent him from taking his life. He would then fall into a swoon for a few minutes, and, when he came to, would ask what we were all doing around his bed, and why we were not asleep. For the next few days he would be very limp. It was when in this condition that he made known why my father was "spelled" and the name of the man who did it.

After this in Madras the priest, Father Lee, was asked to bless the house, and Tom, I believe, was taken to the church, placed before the altar, and endeavours made to drive away the evil spirit, but with no result. Several things happened when he was in my uncle's house similar to those that had taken place in ours, but after a month he returned to St. Thomas's Mount.

In Madras Father Lee, as just mentioned, was called to bless the house. When he was doing so he was pulled by his vestments, and when he put his *Rituale* down after the blessing, it was immediately taken up to a corner of the roof, the cover sticking to the roof and the pages fluttering as though a great wind was fanning the leaves. Again, when Father Ford blessed the house in St. Thomas's Mount, the same thing happened there; also an egg stood up on the small end, and when he tried to remove it he could not do so, but after he removed his hand from the egg, it just turned over in its normal position. Father Ford, of course, was an eyewitness of all, or the most, of the things which happened in St. Thomas's Mount and which are here described.

In the meantime, we had moved near to our grandfather's house. For some time after Tom's return nothing happened, till we awoke one morning to find that none of the doors could be opened. On calling for assistance from the passers-by, we

were told that large boulders of rock which could not be carried by any man were carefully stacked against the doors; grandfather was sent for and men were engaged to remove these. The police were informed, but nothing could be done. The trouble started again. The chairs, small articles of furniture, crockery, etc., were all broken in the way already explained.

My father, who was an engineer, and was at the time building the Palar Bridge, residing near his work, wrote to my mother, and told her to come up to him. There was then no railway, and we had to travel by bullock carts. We were left in peace for about two months, till one morning, about 4.30 or 5.0 a.m., the time my father used to rise, the hand-bell was discovered on the roof of the house ringing for all it was worth, while father could not find his boots, which were also suspended from the roof. My dear old mother said: "Oh, Paddy, the trouble has started here. I hope you will now believe when you see and hear for yourself." This was said because my father would not believe anything we told him. After this there were extraordinary happenings each day. Things got so bad that while the food was being cooked filth was at times thrown in by some unseen hand. Tom also got two more fits which were witnessed by my father and two assistant engineers.

It was at this stage a man of the Lubbay caste came to my father and told him he would remove the spell from my brother, but stipulated for a fabulous remuneration. Tom, in his last fit, had said he would get one more when he would be slapped and would bleed to death. This man declared that he could and would prevent it if my father agreed to his terms. He explained that he would have to make three midnight sacrifices, when he would offer to the spirits who had possession of the boy double the amount of sacrifices offered by the man who had imposed the spell. All was agreed to, and a week later the first orgy was held; it began about 10 p.m.

A large circle was drawn in the centre of the room, around which were placed bottles of liquor corked and sealed as purchased, boiled rice, slaughtered sheep, fowls and game of all kinds, the blood of these poor creatures was mixed with the rice. Tom was seated in the centre before a large fire. The family were permitted to sit about three feet outside of the circle with instructions not to come within or even touch the line once the ceremony began, the penalty being death;

neither were any questions to be asked. The man, having first had a bath and being stripped except for a loin cloth, entered the ring, and began by calling on the different spirits by name. Answer was made in tones which were terrifying and blood-curdling. Tom was the whole time in a stupor—not recollecting anything of the affair when it was over. It came to an end just before midnight when all the liquor bottles would be found empty, the gradual disappearance of the liquor as the night advanced being distinctly noticeable. There were also other rites including the piercing of a wax image with a nail.

This ceremony was performed three times, after which Tom was given a gold ring with instructions that he was never to remove that ring from the second finger of the left hand; if he did, he was warned he would get one more fit when the promised slap would be given, but if he survived, there would be no further trouble. After some months we were sent to school, and Tom did very well, till one day we noticed that the ring was missing. We asked him what had become of it and were told he had put it in his chest of drawers—a search was made but the ring was never found. That night he got a fit and a severe slap; he bled profusely through the nose, but there was no other evil result.

At the first sacrifice the man showed my father a mirror, whereon he saw clearly reflected the face of a man who was once his contractor and who "spelled" my father because he thrashed him for walking into the bedroom without permission. After the contractor had succeeded in getting clear to a safe distance he stopped and said: "I will give you cause to remember this." Finding the spell did not work he transferred it to his eldest son, who at that time, was living with my father. This is as much as I can remember of the whole unfortunate affair.

(Signed) E.K.

I must leave these stories to speak for themselves, only remarking that the details given in the third case, extravagant and incredible as they may appear, have points of resemblance with other narratives of poltergeist disturbances alleged to be due to Oriental maleficent magic. See, for example, the case of Mr. Thangapragasam Pillay recounted in *THE MONTH* for September and October, 1929.

HERBERT THURSTON.

THE CONVERSION OF WALES

FOR many centuries a Protestant culture, based on the Word of God, moulded the lives of the English people. To-day, that culture is notoriously receding before the advance of a neo-paganism which rejects Jesus Christ as God Incarnate and therefore Lord and Master of the human soul. The legislation of this country, once embodying in the main the morality of Christianity, contains some laws that are non-Christian if not actually anti-Christian, and may soon contain more. The secular Press is practically atheist, and does not scruple to assail the fundamental truths of the Christian Revelation; often, indeed, the assailants include not only avowed unbelievers, but also accredited officials of the Protestant sects. The Stage never lacks for plays which travesty even natural goodness, or which treat with sympathy various forms of moral perversion. In a word, so abundant are the evidences on all sides of neo-paganism in the spheres of religion and ethics, that the character of the religious culture of this country will ultimately depend upon the issue of the struggle for victory between Materialism and Catholicism.

Such a conclusion as the above would not be true of Wales and the Welsh people. The need for some form of religion is ingrained in the spiritual make-up of a Welshman; so that in Wales religious contention will continue to take the shape of a struggle between the old Faith and the new—denoting by the latter term the religious, semi-religious and humanitarian, politico-religious, and ecclesiastical Protestantism of Wales. Past history will bear me out in this.

THE REFORMATION IN WALES

It was once the proud boast of Welshmen that they had never swerved from a true and loyal profession of the Catholic and Apostolic Faith. Wales was pre-eminently "The Land of the Saints." In common with the rest of Catholic Christendom, the Primacy of the Pope was recognized by the British delegates to the Council of Arles in 314 A.D. Before 410 A.D. the Church in Britain was a part of the Church of the Empire with the Pope at its head. In 455 A.D. Britain followed the directions of Pope Leo the Great in a dispute between Rome and Alexandria. The mission of St. German

received the sanction of Pope Celestine. With the withdrawal of the Roman legions from Britain, the Celtic Church got out of touch with the Church on the continent of Europe to such an extent that when Columbanus, about the year 573 A.D., appeared in Gaul, his peculiar customs were noticed and commented upon by the bishops there; but there is no evidence whatever to show that the Celtic Church differed in belief from the rest of the Catholic world, because of its isolation.

When, after the Synod of Whitby in 664, the rest of the Church in Britain accepted the jurisdiction of St. Augustine of Canterbury, the Church in Wales stubbornly refused its obedience and did not completely submit to the Augustinian Church till the twelfth century. But an impartial examination of the literature of the later period of its history gives abundant proof of the Catholicity of the Welsh Church. In medieval Welsh poetry, whether secular or religious, constant references will be found to the Sacrifice of the Mass, Invocation of Our Lady and the Saints, Confession and Penance, Extreme Unction, the practice of many Catholic customs, and a recognition of the supreme authority of the See of Peter. The "Laws of Howel Dda" (d. *circa* 907 A.D.), the "Black Book of Camarthen," the "Black Book of St. David's," the "Book of Taliesin," the "Red Book of Hergest," the "De Excidio," "Vita" and "Epistola" of Gildas—to quote but a few sources—all testify to the fact that they "sprang from the heart of Catholicism," and exhibit a fullness of Catholic life lived in communion with the rest of Catholic Christendom. Another striking illustration of the complete union of the Church in Wales with Rome is the fact that the "religious language of Wales is steeped in Latin."¹ Further testimony to the loyalty of the Welsh people to the old Faith may be found in the contemporary writings of foreigners resident in England, *e.g.*, those of Chapuys, the Imperial Ambassador at the Court of Henry VIII.

The attitude of Welshmen towards the Reformation was one of hostility. "The Reformation came to Wales as a foreign importation, imposed upon the nation by the sheer weight of English officialdom. Of this there is abundant evidence in contemporary records. Protestantism was against all the sentiment of Welsh nationality, all the traditions and associations dearest to the people."² It needed a long, hard

¹ See "Christianity in Early Britain," p. 78 seq., by Prof. Hugh Williams.

² *The Catholic Encyclopædia*, s.v., Wales.

and bitter struggle to induce the Welsh people to repudiate their ancient Faith. Ruthless destruction of the visible signs of Catholicism, its customs and practices, and a relentless persecution of the Catholic clergy combined to foist upon the Welsh people an alien and unwelcome religion; yet, although it may be true that Catholicism as an organized religion with its hierarchy, priests and churches became almost extinct in Wales in little more than a century, it is also true that a love of the old Faith remained deep down in the hearts of Welshmen, so that to-day, Catholic customs and practices survive in many parts of rural Wales. Their original significance may no longer be known and appreciated, yet an inherent Catholicism keeps them alive.

A Welsh poet in the days of Oliver Cromwell voiced the aspirations of his fellow-countrymen in a pathetic poem: "Ni a gawn ein byd yn wyn" (Our world will be happy again):

The Old Faith will come again,
And Bishops will elevate the Host,
When the Catholic Faith is here
And the Priest in his vestments.

When we hear the music of the Mass,
And the Church again in her privilege,
Then through the blessed Communion of Saints
Our world will be happy again.

Dr. Erasmus Saunders, in the year 1722, deplored the prevalence of old Catholic ceremonies and practices in the Diocese of St. David's—"if we have not yet quite unlearned the errors of our Popish ancestors, it is because the doctrines of the Reformation begun about 200 years ago in England have not yet effectively reached us."

Similar testimonies might be multiplied if space permitted.

PRESENT STATE OF RELIGION IN WALES

Why, then, was it that the fervid Catholicism once held by Welshmen got lost, and that Protestantism—*crefydd y Saeson*—"the religion of the English," got so deeply-rooted in Wales that it is the dominant religious profession of the vast majority of the Welsh people?

Contributory causes were—the apostasy of many during the centuries of persecution, the frequency of mixed marriages, the appeal to the spiritually indolent of a less-exacting faith—but the chief reason undoubtedly was the extinction

of the Catholic hierarchy, and, as a consequence, the failure of a supply of native priests.

Up to the time of Oliver Cromwell the Welsh people had resisted in a large measure all inducements to accept the Reformed Faith. But failing the old Faith as an actual living factor in the everyday life of the Welsh people, Protestantism rapidly gained a footing. The social and political upheaval due to the Civil War brought about in Wales a spiritual, moral and mental transformation. Two committees were set up by Cromwell to provide fit preachers to fill all the livings in the Established Church in Wales, which were vacant as the result of the ejections of its ministers. The work of these Puritan preachers produced a lasting effect on the future of religion in Wales. When the Established Church returned to power at the Restoration, and in its turn became a persecutor of the Nonconformist invaders of the Welsh pulpit, it failed to arrest the growth of Nonconformity. The Establishment was alien from the start to the spirit of Welsh nationalism; whereas the methods used by the Dissenters appealed to the Welsh people and gave them an outlet for their emotional and religious feelings, which the cold formalism of the Established Church could in no way supply. The Welsh people are easily acted upon by religious influences, as the history of the "Revivals" in their midst amply shows. In no religious movements elsewhere has spiritual fervour been seen at such a height, yet no other religious movements have produced so little permanent results on the life of the nation as a whole. Protestantism, in fact, has not the essential factor requisite for consolidating and making permanent the changeable emotions of man, viz., the grace given in the Catholic Sacraments.

Hence, the Welsh people to-day are predominantly Nonconformist. The "Church of Wales," despite its disestablishment, is still regarded as an alien body. It admitted itself to be a mere re-echo of the Established Church of England when, at the first session of its Governing Body in January, 1918, the following resolution was passed:

The Governing Body does hereby accept the Articles, Doctrinal Statements, Rites and Ceremonies, and, save in so far as they may necessarily be varied by the passing of the Welsh Church Act, 1914, the formularies of the Church of England as accepted by that Church and set

forth in or appended to the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England.

The national life, the passion, the fervour and ardour of religion, the attachment to the Welsh language and the history of the secular past have long since passed from the "Church of Wales" to the Nonconformist bodies, leaving that body as the Church of Anglicized Welshmen, the squires, the rich and the few, while the Nonconformist sects remain the home of the native Welshmen, the commonalty, the poor and the many.

On the other hand, the Welsh people to-day (be they Nonconformists or members of the Church of Wales) in spite of their innate *flair* for religion, are woefully ignorant of the nature of God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. God is the *Bod Mawr*—the Great Being—dwelling in Heaven remote from any real connexion with the common life of men; a God of Wrath for the most part dealing with His creatures as a tribal god of old—a God conceived of as belonging specially to the Nonconformist sects, differing in some mysterious way from the God of the Episcopalians. He is the stern Creator who set the world in being, but who looks upon it as something accursed; a Providence who occasionally interferes in the affairs of men for His own pleasure, a Judge who will reward men according to His own capricious predestination.

Again, the Lord Jesus Christ is not the Second Person of the Trinity, but a man of the Jewish race born of the woman Mary by her spouse Joseph, who in some undefined manner became the Son of God and the Friend of men. Thus Our Lord is not God Incarnate, but rather a victim who was sacrificed to appease an angry Deity, and who now takes men's part before the Great Being in Heaven.

The Holy Ghost is generally thought of as an influence of God which in some way or another is beneficial to mankind. He is not recognized as Lord and Life-Giver in the life of the average Welshman.

The Blessed Virgin Mary and the saints have no place in the lives of the vast majority of Welshmen, as being co-members with us of the Body of Christ, the Church.

Sin, *qua* sin, is non-existent, being regarded not so much as an offence and an act of rebellion against Almighty God, but as a breach of good faith and manners as between man and man. Sin is regarded as being far more heinous if it

brings the good name of a *Capel Salem* into disrepute than as a breach of an eternal law of God. Purity, as a positive virtue and as an ideal to be acquired for its own sake and as dear to God, is unrealized.

Any real idea of Grace as "a supernatural gift of God, freely bestowed upon us for our sanctification and salvation" and to be obtained "chiefly by prayer and the holy Sacraments," is but feebly grasped by non-Catholics in Wales. One lives a good life when one keeps the conventions.

Prayer as Catholics understand it is almost unknown to the average Welshman who regards it either as the formal method of addressing the Almighty in public worship, as seen in the "Church of Wales"; or the ability of addressing beautiful phrases to the Great Being for the edification of an admiring congregation, as seen in Welsh Nonconformity.

To judge by the descriptions of national life and character by certain Welsh novelists, one would have to decide that the standard of morality prevalent among their countrymen was deplorably low, but, without taking these writers too literally, one might expect this in any community as a natural result of the decay of faith.

The doctrinal tenets of the various sects in Wales are almost unknown to their adherents. Even in the "Church of Wales" where the historic Creeds are still recited and the Catechism of the Book of Common Prayer still taught, there is little realization of the implications of the fundamental truths of Christianity. Someone has said with much truth that religion in Wales is a mixture of semi-digested Christian sentiment and morality and worldly politics, with the politics as the largest ingredient. Broadly speaking, the Nonconformists are Liberal in politics, Nationalist in sentiment, and Humanitarian in religion; members of the "Church of Wales" are Conservative in politics, anti-Nationalist in sentiment, and Anglican in religion.

THE WORK OF CONVERSION

In considering the problem of the conversion of the Welsh nation, the writer puts forth his views with great diffidence and without any idea of criticizing unfavourably the magnificent work done in the past against tremendous odds by the devoted Catholic clergy.

One point must be made clear at the outset. The first requisite for conversion seems to be to bring before the Welsh people what Christianity is. Wales should be regarded as a

mission-country, and the Welsh as a people to whom even the rudiments of Catholicism are as yet unknown. Approaching Wales in this way, future missionaries, in comparison with those in purely pagan lands, would have certain advantages and certain disadvantages. One advantage would be that every Welsh man, woman, and child receives through the Sunday Schools a working knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures. They know the historical facts of Christianity as narrated in the New Testament, but not their implications, being in the condition of St. Philip's convert, the treasurer of Queen Candace. They understand not what they read, having no man to guide them. They are left to their own private judgment or that of their sect. Moreover, there is an ever-increasing dissatisfaction among the younger members of these sects, who are beginning to realize that the religion they have been brought up in is not a religion for the whole man, divorced as it is from any real bearing upon life.

As for the disadvantages, perhaps the greatest of these is the almost insurmountable mountain of prejudice and misrepresentation to be overcome. This alone is enough to make the most optimistic wonder whether, humanly speaking, Catholicism has any future at all in Wales except as an insignificant intrusion into the national life. Yet in these matters we don't speak humanly. Given the means in man-power and material resources through which the Grace of God can work effectively, the ultimate victory of Catholicism is certain—"Omne quod natum est ex Deo, vincit mundum: et haec est victoria quae vincit mundum, fides nostra."

The Faith in all its fullness must once again be preached up and down the land. And, if the preachers are to succeed, a native priesthood would seem essential—a priesthood well versed in the Welsh language and literature, in the history of the past and the needs of the present. It must be remembered that the idea of a priesthood sent from God has never entered the mind of the average Welsh non-Catholic.

Wales as a nation is peculiarly susceptible to pulpit eloquence, which partly explains the hold Nonconformity has upon the masses of the people. The Prophetical character of the Catholic priesthood needs almost as much emphasis to-day as the Pastoral and Sacrificial characters. A body of preaching Friars would work wonders in the space of a generation, provided it were large enough to compass the whole country at the same time and were composed of native Welsh-speaking

men. By this means, the ignorance of Catholicity on which the power of Welsh Nonconformity rests would be shattered, and its apparent unity, maintained as it is by a rigid system of intrigue and wire-pulling, would disappear. Gross and palpable misrepresentation of Catholic Faith and Practice must be countered by setting forth the Catholic Faith through press and pulpit in the native language. Modern Wales needs to be told honestly and persistently the *true* history of the dying out of the old Faith in Wales and the success of the Reformers. Once Catholicism is seen to be in harmony with Welsh tradition and love of country, the rest will be easy. But in such literary propaganda, a deep and practical knowledge of the Welsh language, its peculiar idioms and turns of speech, is of the first importance. We must remember that the Welsh Bible has acquired an unassailable position amongst the people, and it would be folly to attempt to alter its traditional form. It must, of course, be purged of any heretical errors it may contain, but the familiar text should not otherwise be tampered with.

Much has been done, since Catholic Emancipation, in the way of peaceful penetration, and the further multiplication of Convents, Monasteries and Mass Centres, especially in rural Wales, will help the work of conversion. Apart from its immeasurable impetrative effect, the public offering of the Sacrifice of the Mass cannot but bring home to the Welsh the Catholic conception of worship, and show them the meaning of corporate religion, which they have lost.

Furthermore, our missionaries must recognize that whatever religious activity exists amongst the Welsh sects is mainly due to the laity and, therefore, convince their potential converts that in the Church there is even more scope for lay zeal. Protestantism is kept alive by layfolk in the Sunday Schools. Accordingly, the Church's catechetical system must be brought into active play and a number of trained catechists set aside to assist the clergy.

It will be seen that the thorough conversion of Wales will be no easy task. The Welsh nation has to be won back from a cold, individualistic and sterile religion into the warm, corporate, and active profession of Catholic Christianity. It has to be convinced that God's revelation needs an accredited interpreter, and that none is to be found save in the Church. At the same time discrimination is needed in the presentation of the Faith. Such a barren soil cannot at once produce the

varied fruitage of full-blown Catholicity. Any undue emphasis upon traditions, legends and devotions which are not obligatory on the faithful is to be deprecated. They must be shown that all that is good and consoling in their religion is to be found in abundance in the Church. The *reasonableness* of the Faith must be stressed. The vast majority of Welsh people look upon Catholics as still "lying unmoved in the iron chains of Popery," and that Popery makes for everything that is vile, anti-Christian and of the devil. They believe, even to-day, that Catholic priests have fixed charges for the forgiveness of sins and that for further payment they will grant an "indulgence" to sin for all Catholics. The Rosary is looked upon as a pagan "praying-wheel," as the present writer heard it called by a Methodist minister returned from India a few years ago.

A wealth of God-inspired charity and patience is necessary in the face of such appalling ignorance as this. Wales is groping blindly for something that will satisfy her religious needs. We know that a return to her old Faith can alone bring her peace. Let us Catholics, by work and example and prayer, help her to come back.

J. T. F. WILLIAMS.

NOTE.—The following statistics give the material dimensions of the task.

The Government Census of 1931 gave the total population of Wales as 2,158,193 provisionally.

The "Church Self-Government Chronicle" for 1931 enumerates thus the religious conditions of Wales:

Anglicans	750,000
Calvinistic Methodists	550,000
Congregationalists	520,000
Methodists	165,000
Catholics	100,000
Others	205,000

The Official Handbook of the Church in Wales for 1935 gives the population of the Province of the "Church of Wales" as 2,583,930, and for the year ending December 31, 1933, or March 31, 1934, it gives the number of Easter Communicants as 194,225 (page 54).

The number of Catholics in Wales (Dioceses of Cardiff and Menevia) is given as 102,921, out of a total population of 2,704,769 (*The Catholic Directory*, 1936, p. 623). As Cardiff includes the English Counties of Hereford and Monmouth, allowance must be made for Catholics living in these two counties.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

EVERARD FEILDING: SOME TRIBUTES IN MEMORY.

I. BY M. SIDNEY PARRY

THE world is the poorer through the passing of my old friend Everard Feilding. We were close friends through storm and sunshine ever since 1890.

His character was one of infinite charm and variety combined with a rare delicacy of mind founded on a deep interior life. In his youth he was chiefly influenced by his mother, Lady Denbigh, and his sister Clare, who died in 1895, and of whom it might have been said that she was in the world and yet not of the world.

When I had the privilege of beginning my long friendship with him, the Newman Society of Oxford was gathering funds and seeking support for founding the first Catholic Settlement for social work in South London. Its inception was inspired partly by the late James Britten, Esq., and partly by the wave of social endeavour that produced Toynbee Hall and Oxford House. Everard threw himself heart and soul into the work of Newman House, and his great gifts found scope for expression in all the clubs and other social activities connected with the Settlement. The story of Newman House was told in *THE MONTH* of March, 1933.

Another movement with which he was in great sympathy, and for which he worked eagerly, arose from the question as to whether Catholics should be allowed to attend the great English Universities. When this matter was settled in favour of Catholics attending Oxford and Cambridge, it gave him deep and lasting satisfaction. Everard had a multitude of interests. He entered the Navy, but left it after a few years and studied for the Bar, though he never practised. The deaths of his mother, his sister Clare and his dear brother Basil, who was drowned when canoeing with Everard on the Rhine, left deep scars on his sensitive soul, but he never let his griefs become manifest.

One of his outstanding talents was for music, and if he had devoted himself to that, there is no doubt that he would have been an excellent artist. With his brother-in-law Gervase Elwes he did much to establish those musical competitions in country districts which have since become so popular.

He was much interested in psychical research, and with his inquiring mind he always wanted to probe into the whys and wherefores of so-called Spiritualism. There is no doubt that he had very definite hypnotic powers, but this was a side of his activities

that he dropped as the years went by. He was much too sensible and practical to be taken in by fraudulent people, but he declared that some powers existed that could not be explained by natural means. He used his hypnotic powers with very good effect in cases of nervous illness, and was thus able to prove to a friend in the priesthood who had grave doubts about it all, that hypnotism "was not necessarily the work of the devil."

In 1905 I went out to the Malay States to plant coffee. The following year Everard came out to visit me. On the way he met an old friend of his, Mr. Ridley, Director of the Singapore Botanical Gardens. Ridley told him that there was likely to be a great demand for rubber, and suggested that it would be a good idea to plant up rubber in suitable places. Everard was full of zeal, and persuaded us to plant rubber along with our coffee, and thus largely through him began the rubber plantation industry, which has revolutionized road transport. We eventually transferred our business of the Rubber Plantation to a financial group in Antwerp, and this led to a vast expansion of Everard's interests, not only in England but on the Continent, as he became director and chairman of several of the most important rubber companies. It may be of interest to quote from a letter written by a Belgian colleague on one of these Associations: "The six months I travelled in the East with him in 1906 remain amongst the most precious and charming memories of my life, as I learnt to appreciate the charm of his personality and his infinite delicacy of mind."

During the War, Everard's great qualities were made use of by the Government in many missions requiring resourcefulness and tact. He was sent to Greece on a mission to King Constantine. Then he went to Egypt, and finally to Palestine, where for a time he took the place of Sir Mark Sykes, who had been summoned to England. He made many interesting friends, among them Colonel Lawrence, whose personality was in some ways akin to his own. He wrote to me at that time: "I have just been to Bethlehem, and found it deep in snow. So the carol did not tell fibs after all!" (The reference is, of course, to the Christmas carol beginning "Now amid the winter snow.")

The War over, he returned to England and took up his old friendships again, and in particular with the lady who, in 1919, became his wife. In her he found his true mate, and one who shared his originality of thought and great humour. Their married life was ideally happy, and our sympathy goes out to her in her irreparable loss.

One of Everard's most endearing characteristics was his unbounded charity of heart, and no one who had fallen by the way and needed his advice and help ever went away unconsolated. Some of his friends felt that his lame dogs were not all as lame as he thought, but his wife, with her keen intelligence, was often able to prevent him being imposed upon. Like other men of critical

ability, he experienced at times intellectual difficulties in matters of religion, but he always discussed such matters with his friends in the priesthood frankly and thoroughly, and anyone who saw him as I did, after his death when Mass was being said in his room, could not but feel as they looked at the calm beauty and peace of his face that he was already one with the eternal and had found the true solution of all his human queries.

He has been laid to rest near his brother Basil and his sister Clare. We who are left to mourn him can but thank God with all our hearts that we were given the privilege of his love and friendship.

II. BY HERBERT THURSTON

Although my acquaintance with Everard Feilding was of relatively recent date, and by no means so intimate as Mr. Sidney Parry's, I am glad to take advantage of this opportunity to endorse unreservedly every detail of the tribute so admirably expressed in the note printed above. Feilding was a man for whom it would have been difficult for anyone, however prejudiced, to nourish antagonism. One might not always sympathize with the tolerance of his attitude towards certain more or less notorious offenders against the Catholic code, but one appreciated the honesty and the large-minded charity which lay at the back of this seeming religious indifference, an indifference which was, after all, much more apparent than real.

My own contact with Feilding was mainly in connexion with psychic research. I well remember meeting him one day at a luncheon party at which the late Cardinal Bourne, at that time only Archbishop, was also present. Feilding—a little, I fear, to the Archbishop's discomfort—was led on by me to talk a good deal about his researches into psychic manifestations, but he declared then, very positively, that in the matter of physical phenomena he had never yet come across a case in which he had not detected fraud. This was just before he went, as the representative of the Society for Psychical Research, to hold a series of sittings with Eusapia Palladino at Naples. I chanced to meet him after his return, and in answer to my question he said: "Well, I believe now that things do happen after all." The report he drew up on that occasion, with the concurrence of Mr. Baggally and Mr. Hereward Carrington, who had taken part in the sittings, has always seemed to me one of the most convincing documents ever published by the Society.

Another admirable piece of work of the same kind is his paper on "The Case of the Abbé Vachère," which was read in 1930 before the International Congress for Psychic Research assembled at Athens. This, again, described an investigation carried out by Feilding himself. The inquiry was concerned with an alleged bleeding picture and a bleeding host in the church of a priest, the

Abbé Vachère, now some years dead, who had fallen under the censure of ecclesiastical authority. There were suspicious circumstances pointing to fraud, but the evidence was very remarkable, and Feilding's patient investigation brought him to no positive conclusion. His paper, which also records his attempts, made through Cardinal Merry del Val and Cardinal Gasquet who were his personal friends, to obtain information assumed to be in the possession of the Holy Office, illustrates a certain mischievous trait which was highly characteristic of the author.

Although Everard Feilding in his later years was undoubtedly prepared to accept the reality in some cases of such phenomena as occur in poltergeist disturbances, etc., he never relaxed his severely critical attitude in investigating these matters. A protest made by Mrs. Feilding and himself at a sitting with the so-called "Flower Medium," who professed to materialize roses with the aid of St. Thérèse of Lisieux, provoked a considerable display of hostility from believers in the medium on the occasion when the protest was made. But the scepticism evinced has, since then, been entirely justified both by the medium's own confession and by other convincing testimony. On the last occasion I spoke with him, Feilding told me that he had been to see the performance of Kuda Bux and was satisfied that the pretended exhibition of "eyeless sight" was nothing but a trick. The latest issue of the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*, after paying tribute to Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, one of its founders, goes on to record with regret the death of Mr. Feilding "for many years member of Council, and Hon. Secretary of the Society, and an important contributor to our Proceedings and Journal."

III. BY C. C. MARTINDALE

My meetings with Everard Feilding were few, brief, and spaced out over long intervals. But I am sure that in not one of them did he fail to seek to come, and actually to come, to some matter of substantial importance. He might very probably begin rather frivolously, as when he described to me the consequences of a drug that he experimented with. He said that while under its influence he met a Purple Butler. I agreed that Butlers were sufficiently intimidating at the best of times, but that a hallucinatory encounter with a purple one would be very serious. After this he discussed, very gravely, the whole topic of taking drugs by way of experiment. It cannot be denied that many doctors have heroically tested upon themselves the effects of this or that which they were reluctant forthwith to give to others. I could not admit that all Mr. Feilding's experiments were wise, or well chosen, or likely to provide any experience proportionate to the risks run. But I felt quite sure that he was making them seriously, and was genuinely anxious to examine a mysterious terrain into which others recklessly rushed.

It may be that a certain audacity characterized his life in quite other departments, financial, for example. Possibly he gambled on many other issues. I am not competent to say that it was more than an impression of mine that he did so. But what I was sure of, within the area in which I used to meet him, was, that he was absolutely honest, and would never have allowed himself to fancy that he had arrived at a conclusion merely because he wanted to, or would have been excited by doing so. His criticism of preternatural (so to call them) phenomena was, on the occasions of which I have any cognizance, as rigid as anything I could have wished to supply myself. Not once did he burke, or elude, any question that one might put to him.

The next point is, that I could not see that he ever wished to prove "survival" as though the fact were in itself doubtful for a Catholic. To say: "I cannot believe in survival unless experiment proves it for me," would have been at once bad philosophy and unorthodox. But to say: "A fact, vouched for by Catholic doctrine, may *also* be provable by means of experiment, and I am experimentalizing to see if it is so," is quite a different thing. I repeat: detesting (as I do) spiritualism and its methods, and convinced as I am that they issue into nothing but disaster, ethical and psychic, as well as spiritual and dogmatic, I still perceive that to try certain experiments in order to see if they have any value of any sort, is quite different from trying them in order to see if they back up a Catholic dogma in which you would not otherwise believe. The experiment may be unwise, and to be deprecated: but it is made in a different spirit and for a different reason.

I have purposely refrained from reading anything that anyone else may have said about Everard Feilding, lest I should imagine I had seen more in him than I did. Hence, I have said nothing about his geniality, hospitality, somewhat mercurial wit, or kindness, for I should then certainly have been repeating others, and might be thought to have invented. Moreover, no one who has been happy in his original home at Newnham, could have expected anything else from him. But it would be ungraceful and ungrateful to comment on his family at large in a personal tribute of this sort.

THE NEW COMMONWEALTH OF THE PHILIPPINES.

NOT only because they are named after the husband of Mary Tudor, the last Catholic Queen of England, should Catholics in this country feel an interest in that picturesque group of islands, in area almost equal to Great Britain, which form part of the great Archipelago of the East, and separate the South China Sea from the Pacific Ocean. For the Philippines have another claim upon us in the fact that their inhabitants are mainly Catholic, and are, indeed, the only Catholic nation in the Far East. It is in view of that fact that Manila, the capital, has been chosen as the meet-

ing-place of the thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress, to be inaugurated there on February 3rd next year, and the time is not too long for Catholics all the world over to prepare for that great event. The first step should be to learn the history of the Islands and their characteristic features. Indeed the Philippines present many attractive aspects, whether one regards them historically, ethnologically, ecclesiastically, politically or even geographically. What other nation can claim to unite over 7,083 islands under one rule, and to speak some fifty dialects but no national language! It is true that 6,621 of these islands are less than a square mile in extent, and not much more than one-third of them bear even a title; a fine pedagogical opportunity missed, for Philippine school-boys cannot be told, as a penance, to write out in the national language the names of the nation's constituent parts. Still, so strangely constituted a territory must keep alive the spirit of adventure in every Filipino heart, and it will be only a question of time before those multitudinous square-miles will be all seized and christened by the new generations, now free to develop according to their liking. There is plenty of room to expand. The 12½ millions of Filipinos are crowded, for the most part, on the eleven islands which exceed 1,000 square miles in area, two of which, Luzon to the north and Mindanao to the south, are respectively 40,814 square miles and 36,906 square miles in extent: the size of the others varies from about 5,000 to 1,200 square miles.

So much for the unique possession of this Christian people, which lies wholly within the tropics, north of the Equator. They are Malayan by race, and were converted to Catholicism early in the sixteenth century by the Spanish expedition under Magellan, the first to circumnavigate the globe. It was on Easter Sunday, March 31, 1521, that Mass was celebrated in the islands for the first time, some months before St. Francis Xavier ended his missionary labours in Japan, presently, after ten years of strenuous apostolate, to die, off the Chinese city of Canton, some 600 miles to the north-west of Luzon. The evangelization of the Philippines was, of course, accomplished gradually: it was a Spanish missionary from Mexico who, in 1565, organized the work systematically: successive expeditions of Spaniards consolidated their hold upon the islands and maintained it against all rivals—Chinese, Dutch and English—for over three hundred years. It was a thoroughly successful piece of colonization: not based on force, but on proved and disinterested service. The natives as a whole embraced the Christian culture readily, and Manila had a University—Santo Tomas—long before Harvard, the first University in the United States came into being in 1636. More than 90 per cent of the inhabitants in our day are Christian; Mohammedanism and Paganism divide the odd million between them. The bulk of the inhabitants, at any rate in the towns, are "mestizos," for the Spaniards married freely with the natives. Americans and Europeans generally are relatively few.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century a growing national consciousness showed itself in frequent revolts against Spanish domination, and, what generally accompanies such uprisings, a rejection of spiritual authority as well, both attitudes inspired and fostered by secret societies. The revolutionaries were strong enough to procure the expulsion, in 1896, of the Spanish Friars—a religious calamity from which the Church still suffers. So when the Spanish-American War broke out in 1898, the rule of Spain in the islands had practically ceased, and the natives did nothing to resist, and even actively helped, the invading Americans. But finding that the victory of the latter meant only a change of masters, they themselves continued the war, and were not finally overcome till 1900. Then began the administration of the Archipelago by the United States which continued in various shapes till November of last year, and which, after the assurance of final independence, secured the co-operation of the population. Since then the English language has supplanted the Spanish as the common tongue.

There can be no doubt that the thirty-five years of American rule have greatly aided the advance of the Philippines in material civilization, but the system of irreligious education which, under the specious plea of liberty of conscience, the Government imposed on a Catholic people, has grievously off-set its merely earthly benefits. Education in "neutral" schools by Protestant teachers, and unfettered freedom given to many proselytizing sects, plentifully armed with that powerful weapon of religious perversion, the almighty dollar, have played havoc with the religious beliefs and practices of the people. Deprived in large measure of their spiritual guides, the banished Spanish Friars, and seeing for the first time the civil power, the source of all emolument and advancement, closely allied with practical atheism, whilst secondary and higher education was very largely provided by those who identified Catholicism with ignorance and reaction, the faith of the Filipinos has been subjected to terrible trials. In spite of the self-sacrificing efforts of the Catholics to maintain their own schools, whilst unjustly taxed to support others which they cannot conscientiously use—how widespread is that particular iniquity!—millions of the younger generation of Filipinos have been brought up in ignorance, as far as the school-education is concerned, of the chief factor in all true development, the knowledge of God and of the creature's duties and destiny. Left now to themselves, with that evil incubus of secularism no longer enforced by foreign power, these millions may be gradually won back to the Faith. But the first need is an immense increase in the numbers of the priesthood, drawn as far as possible from native sources.

A popular encyclopedia, drawing on *Whitaker* to enumerate the religious beliefs of the Philippines, states that over against the Catholic Church, "an independent Filipino Church founded in 1902 has now some four million followers." This is a somewhat

misleading allusion to the sect of the Aglipayans, so called from a native priest called Gregorio Aglipay, whom the Manila Augustinians educated, who fought the Americans in 1900 and, after their victory, started a schism in Luzon with himself as Chief Bishop and some followers as "bishops" likewise, and attracted, on nationalistic grounds, not a few native priests and Catholics who resented the dominance of the Spanish clergy. The schism still persists in some places, mainly for want of Catholic priests, but its decay was certain when Church property was restored and regulated by the American Supreme Court in 1906-1907. The latest statistics (*The Commonwealth*, January 17th) give its present numbers as about 200,000.

The future of this gifted race depends upon the support of the true religion. No section of the Church anywhere calls more for the sympathy of the Catholic world, especially of Catholic Americans whose Government, both for good and evil, has had the shaping of the islands for over thirty years. At a time when the conscience of the world is demanding, with growing emphasis, that the principle of Colonial Trusteeship, expressed in the League of Nations Mandate system, should be made as far as possible universal in application, it is interesting to note the spirit in which the United States took over the administration of the Philippines. The Commission to set up a Provisional Government was instructed "to bear in mind that the Government they are establishing is designed not for our satisfaction, or for the expression of our theoretical views, but for the happiness, peace and prosperity of the people of the Philippine Islands." In the main the American administration has been directed to enabling the native population to govern themselves, and Congress, to quell their natural impatience, enacted in 1934 that full independence would be granted after ten years of further tutelage. The Constitution, therefore, which came into force on November 15th inaugurates a transitory period during which the inhabitants may finally prove themselves fit to walk without leading strings. They have home rule under representatives freely elected by themselves, but behind the President and Vice-President of the new Commonwealth there is a United States High Commissioner, with considerable powers of control over internal and external relations.

This cession of a territory which the States might have held, without, at any rate, effective interference by any other Power, a rich territory which could be exploited in their interest and fortified to the increase of their naval might, deserves attention as an example of the rejection of imperialism by a Great Power. Cynics may say that the Archipelago had become a financial liability rather than an asset, and that the expense of repressing lawful Filipino aspirations would be too great a burden: still, the gesture remains a noteworthy one, if only for its rarity.

It is too early to forecast the political future. In any case, our

interest is in the fortunes of the Faith. At a convocation of Notre Dame University, held on December 9th last year, to commemorate the recognition of Philippine independence, President Roosevelt pointedly alluded to the provisions made in the new Constitution for complete freedom of religious worship and of education, and a Filipino representative at the same gathering made an eloquent plea for religion as the basis of all national stability and well-being. President Quezon, the first Filipino Chief of State, and the Vice-President Osmeña both went, with their families, to Mass and Holy Communion on the day of inauguration which was graced with full ecclesiastical rites. The Eucharistic Congress, preparations for which are already on foot all over the Archipelago, will, with God's blessing, confirm and increase the renewal of the Filipinos' attachment to the Faith.

J.K.

"THE MONTH" AND THE MISSION FIELD

While offering our sincerest thanks to all who are co-operating with us in our Scheme to send MONTHS to missionaries, particularly to those who have given subscriptions for exiles in the remoter parts of the world, and also to those who have sent donations towards expenses (which necessarily grow with the growth of the Scheme, although all the work is done voluntarily), we once again beg that all who can possibly join in this splendid work will do so, for we have a waiting list of nearly forty priests, in China, Japan, the Pacific, Africa, India and South America, whose requests for THE MONTH it is indeed hard to refuse. (On account of this we must also regretfully ask that **no more mission priests should apply at present.**)

One reader from Southampton, so touched by the congested state of our waiting list, and by the real privation which the absence of what one priest calls "current intellectual literature" means to those so isolated and far afield, has written to us as follows: "I will gladly give five subscriptions for missionaries if another five are contributed from among your readers, so that ten more of these great workers for the Church . . . who have given up home and country, in addition to the great sacrifices made by all priests . . . may at least have the little consolation of this small thing for which they ask—your most excellent paper. It would be indeed sad if English-speaking Catholics could not provide this for those who have obeyed so literally Our Lord's command to 'go and teach all nations.' "

All communications to The Hon. Secretary, THE MONTH Forwarding Scheme, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1, enclosing stamped addressed envelope. Please print all names and addresses in capitals.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

- AMERICA: Feb. 15, 1936. **The Message of Guadalupe**, by James Castiello, S.J. [The Mexican "Our Lady" concentrates the prayers and hopes of the people for the full restoration of the Faith.]
- BLACKFRIARS: Feb., 1936. **Grace and the Mystical Body**, by Conrad Pepler, O.P. [The real principle of cohesion amongst Catholics is Christ *living* in us.]
- CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW: Jan., 1936. **The Church of Ireland**, by M. J. Hynes. [A refutation of the efforts made in Professor Alison Phillips's "History of the Church of Ireland" (3 vols.) to identify the present Protestant Church there with the pre-Reformation Church.]
- CATHOLIC TIMES: Feb. 14, 1936. **The New Education Bill**, by the Bishop of Pella. [A devastating criticism of its defects.]
- CATHOLIC WORLD: Feb., 1936. **Our unconventional President**. [A trenchant Editorial, castigating the faults and omissions of Presidential policy shown in the last Address to Congress.]
- CLERGY REVIEW: Feb., 1936. **The Future of Anglicanism**, by Derek Harbord. [A judicious estimate of the present policy of the Establishment in claiming from the State recognition of spiritual independence.]
- COMMONWEAL: Feb. 14, 1936. **Defining Social Justice**, by Rev. V. Michel. [The need of clear definitions if Social Action is to be fruitful.]
- ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW: Feb., 1936. **The Catholic Clergy and the American Negro**, by John T. Gillard, S.S.J. [Deprecates indiscriminate depreciation of the Church's work for Negroes, defects in which are due not to Catholicism but to "Americanism": but urges greater zeal.]
- ETUDES: Feb. 5, 1936. **Dans le Royaume et dans l'Empire de George V**, by Yves de la Brière. [A sympathetic appreciation of British Monarchy, based on the lives of King George and of his two predecessors.]
- IRISH MONTHLY: Feb., 1936. **Salazar and the Portuguese Corporative Constitution**, by E. J. Coyne, S.J. [A description of a new experiment in Government, democratic yet non-Party.]
- REVUE APOLOGETIQUE: Feb., 1936. **Les Sacrements chez les Protestants**, by H. Michaud. [Evidence from representative French sources of the entire absence of belief in any sacrament, even in Baptism, among French Protestants.]
- TABLET: Feb. 15, 22, 1936. **Libels on Communities**, by W. Summerfield. [A useful summary of cases showing how far the law *does* protect a slandered corporation.]

REVIEWS

1—THE DICTIONNAIRE DE SPIRITUALITÉ¹

THE fifth fascicule of this important work of reference is of altogether exceptional interest. One has only to note that it deals with the first half of the letter B and that it includes in consequence such entries as St. Benedict and the Benedictines, St. Bernard and other Bernards, as well as St. Bede, the Cardinal de Bérulle, and the first part of what promises to be a comprehensive article on "Bibliothèques" (libraries). As we have remarked in noticing a previous instalment, the editor's interpretation of the subjects properly belonging to the spiritual life is a comprehensive one. It is a pleasant surprise to find the notices of ascetical writers which constitute the bulk of the contents, diversified occasionally by a short treatise on "Béatitudes," "Bibliothèques" or "Bénédictions." Of course, this last heading does not include Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which is presumably to be expected, by those who may live to see that day, when the word "Salut" is reached. One or two articles in the present fascicule seem specially worthy of notice; in particular the account which is given of "Béguines" and "Béghards," the latter by Félix Vernet, and the former by Père J. Van Mierlo, S.J. Both these writers seem rather to favour the possibility that the much-disputed origin of the name *Béguine* is really to be traced to the middle portion of the word Albigenses. In any case, it seems well established that *Béguin* with its variant forms, was, in the beginning, a term of opprobrium, imputing heresy or at least lawless extravagance in the matter of religion. In the end it was discovered that the people so derided were very decent folk and the word altogether lost its sense of depreciation. To Père Van Mierlo we are also indebted for a notice of an interesting Flemish mystic, Beatrice of Nazareth, who died in 1268. Like Blessed Juliana of Comillon she helps to mark a notable revival of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament in the Netherlands during the first half of the thirteenth century.

The editors of the *Dictionnaire* probably find it difficult at times to restrain the ardour of distinguished contributors who are persuaded that the immense importance of the subject in which they have specialized demands a corresponding expenditure of space. We are ready to believe that the writings of the Cardinal de Bérulle exercised a considerable influence upon later ascetical teachers in France, but did he really do so much to stimulate devotion as, let us say, St. Bernardino of Siena in Italy? In the work

¹ *Dictionnaire de Spiritualité, Ascétique et Mystique*. Fascicule V. Paris: Beauchesne. Edited by P. Marcel Viller, S.J. Pp. 317. Price, 30.00 fr. 1935.

before us St. Bernardino is dismissed in three columns, while de Bérulle occupies forty. The only other articles of outstanding bulk are one of forty-five columns devoted to St. Bernard, and another of seventy-five columns under the heading S. Benoît, but this last includes not only a valuable discussion of the Rule and its MS. text, but an account by separate writers of the spirit of this great Order and a synopsis of its history. Let us add that the interests of English readers have not been neglected. Under "Beaudouin de Ford" we have a brief, but well-informed notice, of Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury; due homage is paid to St. Bede in the seven columns assigned him, and six are allotted to "Benoît de Canfield" whose influence upon the spirituality of the seventeenth century (he died in 1610), according to the Abbé Henri Bremond, can hardly be exaggerated. By an unfortunate misprint his name in the world is said to have been William Fitch, instead of Fitch.

H.T.

2—AMERICAN ANGLO-CATHOLICS¹

THE death of Father Selden Delaney a few months ago will have reminded many of a movement in the Episcopal Church in America of which he was one of the last fruits. In the early years of this century, when we in England were witnessing the onset of Modernism in the Establishment, and when "Anglo-Catholics" were framing that definite claim to vital continuity with the old Church which it has since developed, a similar stirring of the waters was taking place in and about the Anglican, *i.e.*, the Episcopal, Church in Philadelphia. It was similar, but not quite the same; for its first aim was to produce a celibate clergy. For this purpose a kind of religious congregation was formed, called the Companions of the Holy Saviour, a name obviously imitative of that of the Society of Jesus, indeed, perhaps the first name by which the Society was known. The members of this congregation deliberately set out to "Catholicize" their people, definitely training them, but by degrees, from "Morning Prayer" to "High Mass," from surplices to chasubles, from "services" to the "sacraments" of Confession and Communion. They were earnest men, self-sacrificing to a degree, practising the severest mortification, living in the greatest poverty, making prayer the very foundation of their lives. Their local influence was very great in a district where religion was all but dead; but they were careful not to proselytize among the Italian immigrants that began to gather in their neighbourhood. Not only did they impress their surroundings;

¹ William McGarvey and the *Open Pulpit: an Intimate History of a Celibate Movement in the Episcopal Church and of its Collapse, 1870—1908*. By Edward Hawks, Priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. Foreword by His Eminence Cardinal Dougherty. Philadelphia: Dolphin Press. Pp. 288. Price, \$2.00.

soon the whole Episcopal Church of America found itself influenced by them. Especially was this influence felt with regard to ordination. These men had no doubt about their Orders; but more and more they reinforced the ordination service, as if to make themselves more sure.

It would seem that the first shaking of their stronghold came from the Rev. Spencer Jones's well-known book, "England and the Holy See"; one would say that they saw the significance of that book better than did the author himself. They were not enmeshed in a "national" Church; they could think the matter out to a conclusion independently of material circumstances; they realized that to be "Anglo-Catholic," if it meant anything at all, meant union with Catholicism all over the world, and not with any Protestant Church. While they pondered this problem many things happened; the condemnation of Modernism by the Pope, the fraternization of the Church of England with other Churches on the Chinese mission, last of all, the decision of the General Convention, which governs the Episcopal Church in the United States, to admit others than members of that Church to preach in its pulpits.

The effect of this decision was completely to destroy all that the Companions of the Holy Saviour had lived for; it reduced all their work to nothing. It let them see that indeed they belonged to a Protestant Church, and that their only alternative was Rome. Steadily the stream began to flow; the number of the clergy who entered the Fold in and about the year 1908 was about fifty. Since then others have come, of whom Father Delaney, received so late as 1930, was one of the last.

The story of this is told, with charity, humour, and deep insight, by Father Hawks, one of the first of its converts. He centres his narrative round Monsignor William McGarvey, whom he calls the Newman of the Movement, who died Rector of the Church of the Holy Infancy, South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in 1924. The volume is full of lessons, both for Catholics and for members of the Church of England; it shows without a doubt what "Anglo-Catholicism" is when compelled to stand by itself. We congratulate the author on his sympathetic handling of a difficult subject, while not minimizing in the least the lesson he himself has happily learnt. But will our Anglican brethren learn the lesson? The Indian Christian Church, recently established in South India, is a far more drastic surrender of Catholic principle than was the Chinese amalgamation, yet they have not moved. The pulpits have been opened in England to non-Anglicans far more widely than they were opened in America, yet nothing has been done. Modernism has swept away article after article of the faith, yet "Anglo-Catholics" take it lying down. When questioned as to his Anglican Orders, McGarvey used to say that he believed in them because his Church believed in them; when his Church surrendered to the modernist

onset he saw that his foundation for that belief was gone. It seems not to be so in England; when one base is undermined a leap is made to another, and so it has gone on for a hundred years. Father Hawks sees all this; nevertheless he, and we, have still the hope that one or two more of these good men will see the truth and find the road home, each for himself, as did McGarvey and his Companions of the Holy Saviour.

✠ A.G.

3—THE PERIL IN OUR MIDST¹

"THE children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." Such might, perhaps, be taken as a text for any history of the world, and such might be the text of Dr. Fahey's wonderfully documented work, *The Mystical Body of Christ in the Modern World*. He, like most of us, is troubled at the sight of our civilization; he sees it breaking to pieces, apparently in spite of itself, certainly in spite of the millions who live within its pale; and he asks himself what can be the cause of an upheaval which no civilized Christian can want. His inquiry takes him back to the Lutheran Revolt, and its divorce of human activity from its due spiritual subordination; on through the subsequent growth of naturalistic Masonry, culminating in the pure naturalism of Jean-Jacques Rousseau; bearing its final fruit in the revolutionary deification of Man, which it is pleased to call "democracy." But that, as Maritain has already shown, is no democracy in the true sense of the word. It is its counterfeit—"Democratism"; it is not liberty, it is tyranny, and that in a far more all-inclusive form than has ever been experienced before, at all events since Christendom was born. Indeed, it is more than a tyranny; it is a religion, the blind worship of an abstract deity, Man, whom all men must worship and serve till, if he wills, they are crushed beneath the State chariot that carries him.

Such is the background of Dr. Fahey's sombre and striking picture. He next asks who are the agents who have promoted and still promote this false democracy, and he finds them, not only in Freemasonry, but also, and perhaps even more, among the Jews. To establish this point, his array, both of quotations and of actual names, is strong and imposing. The list of the founders of the Soviet Republic, all of whom but one were of Jewish origin, is a very telling page in his book; while the list of Jewish banks and bankers interested in and financing the Russian revolutionists is one that cannot but set an ordinary reader thinking. One can

¹ *The Mystical Body of Christ in the Modern World*. By the Rev. Denis Fahey, C.S.Sp., B.A., D.Ph., D.D. With a Prefatory Letter from the Most Rev. J. Kinane, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Waterford and Lismore. Dublin: Browne & Nolan. Pp. 326. Price, 8s. 6d.

scarcely avoid the conclusion that wherever revolution has broken out in Europe, not least in the last country to experience it, Spain, men of Jewish origin have been the prime movers, and that the sinews of revolution have been mainly provided by Jewish banks; and, since he is writing for his own countrymen, he would warn Ireland that the Irish Republican Brotherhood is only a part of the same organization, aiming at producing the same results.

Against all this sinister activity, Dr. Fahey shows, throughout his work, that the Popes, from Pius IX onwards, have ceaselessly warned their flock. True, they have never mentioned the Jews in their encyclicals or allocutions—this is an important point—but Freemasonry, and secret societies of every kind, they have condemned in and out of season, along with the specific doctrines cloaked beneath the deification of Man. Dr. Fahey makes clear that the condemnation of much of modern Communism was anticipated in the famous Syllabus of Pius IX (1864); he also shows how far that Syllabus is binding on the Catholic conscience. Between its decrees and the formal Declaration of the Rights of Man no Christian can ultimately be neutral; it is war to the death between the empire of man-worship, and the empire of Christ the King. With the victory of the former, slavery is restored, albeit under another name; with the victory of the latter comes true liberty, "the freedom with which Christ has made us free." It is the liberty of order and obedience, the liberty which alone can establish nations, since it preserves the "unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." Such is the war that at present is being fought out, mainly underground, although, as Dr. Fahey points out, its course has over and over again been revealed, not by Catholics only, but by others even more qualified to know, during the last fifty years.

No one will deny that Dr. Fahey has produced much evidence for his indictment, whether they would diagnose the causes of the present-day anarchy precisely as he does or not. Much depends upon the credibility of his authorities. It is a relief to come to his chapter on Catholic Ideals, by which he would have us all, but especially his own Ireland, strive to restore the world to sanity. He reminds us of our united membership in the Mystical Body; of our loving duty in consequence to one another; of our Catholic responsibility; of the weapons of penance and prayer. To confirm us in all this he quotes our present Holy Father, who, in many encyclicals and addresses, has so aptly exposed the dangers of our time and pointed out their cure. He emphasizes the Pope's regard for, and defence of, the workingman, and his vindication of the rights of private property, whilst recalling at the same time his insistence on the rights of accredited authority to guide and rule. Pius XI has clearly defined the duties of man, individual and social, and the duties of Governments to safeguard their subjects

from the machinations of secret societies; but he has added that these benefits can never really be secured except in Christ and in the membership of His Body. In spite of all the specious likeness between the Catholic and the Communistic ideals, Dr. Fahey proves, from the words of the Popes on the one side and the Communistic programmes on the other, that in principle, in method, and in results, they are the exact opposite of each other. He concludes by declaring that the model Christian "cell," in opposition to that of Communism, is the house of the Workingman of Nazareth, with the Mother and the Child.

Such, in brief, is Dr. Fahey's most instructive study, which shows on every page earnestness and zeal for the truth. One only comment would we make, in the hope that, in a future edition, he may add a note that will avoid misunderstanding. It regards his use of the word "Jew." After all, there are Jews and Jews, just as there are Christians and Christians; and to condemn all because of a few is a too-common fallacy of historians. Among the gangsters of America, Italian and Irish names are prominent; but that fact would be a false gauge whereby to reckon the influence of the glorious Catholic Church, whether in the United States, in Italy or in Ireland. In the same way the sincere Jew, of whom there are many, cannot but resent the tacit condemnation which the sweeping use of a term in Dr. Fahey's book would seem to imply. An "anti-god Jew," the victim would retort with truth, is a contradiction in terms; a Jew is pre-eminently one who worships the one God, one who has been His champion through all the ages. Hence, he would say, the Jews who have promoted revolution, the Jews who have bowed down and worshipped the Golden Calf, have done these things precisely because they have lost the religious spirit of their creed, and have been unworthy of their race. The true Jew reveres the Decalogue as we do, and many are led to realize that Catholicism is but the fulfilment of the Law. The present writer knows not a few Catholic Jews, men and women, who are both an honour and an inspiration to their fellow-Catholics. What our Catholic charities, especially in London, owe to Jewish benefactors, is incalculable. At this moment we know of a whole Jewish family under instruction, hoping to be received before Easter, the head of which has for years made a point of giving away large sums in charity; the only condition of his donations being that his name should never be revealed. For such as these, numerous as they are, we plead that the word Jew, as meaning anti-god revolutionist or anti-god financier, should not be used without much discrimination. We can never forget that Our Lady and her Son were of that race; for that reason alone we would have the name respected, especially to-day when its pagan enemies combine it in the same condemnation with the name of Christian.

SHORT NOTICES

BIBLICAL.

PROF. PIROT, of the Université catholique de Lille, is well known as the editor of the *Supplément au Dictionnaire de la Bible*, a "supplement" to the late M. Vigouroux's Dictionary that is not far removed from a completely new work. M. Pirot is now undertaking another formidable task, the editing of a new French translation of Holy Scripture—*La Sainte Bible: texte latin*, etc. Tome IX, S. Matthieu, par le P. Buzy; S. Marc, par L. Pirot. Tome X, S. Luc, par L. Marchal; S. Jean, par le P. Braun (Letouzey et Ané. Pp. xviii, 612: 540)—with a copious commentary. We are glad to see that the different works have been entrusted to different collaborators; each of the four Gospels, at all events, which alone have appeared so far, having an editor of its own, M. Pirot himself undertaking Mark. The commentary is a very full one, and the names of the editors sufficiently assure its quality; since so many Catholic priests and teachers in this country can use French, it should prove a valuable addition to our biblical resources, especially when it comes to the biblical books less often and less fully treated elsewhere. It may be said to have the defects of its good qualities; French treatises often seem a little verbose to our English taste, and in explaining carefully every detail of the text—an excellent thing in itself—the notes at times show some tendency to degenerate almost into a *lecture méditée*, such as an intelligent reader would not have much difficulty in supplying for himself. On the other hand, the big textual problems (such as that of the end of Mark, or of the institution of the Blessed Sacrament in Luke) are not taken seriously enough, and some of the major critical issues are much neglected, such as the Synoptic Problem, to which only a couple of pages are devoted altogether, outside of the introductions to the several Gospels. Thus, the strictly apologetic and critical value of the treatment is somewhat lessened, and we hope that further contributors will be accorded all the time and opportunity necessary for a thorough study of their respective tasks; experience shows that in a series such as this there is danger of insufficient preparation due to an ill-advised haste.

The first epistle to the Corinthians is among the most important, if not itself the most important, of St. Paul's epistles; it shows us the various difficulties, chiefly of a practical kind, but with doctrinal bearings, that could arise in a growing Church, and the Apostle's method of dealing with them. It is in truth difficult to compare an ecclesiastical epistle of this kind with those to the Romans and Hebrews, which are so different in their scope. For

Church students, at all events, there can be little doubt that it is the first Corinthian epistle which best repays study. We may be thankful, therefore, that Cardinal MacRory fixed on the Corinthian epistles as the first of his New Testament commentaries to be republished, since, owing to his elevation to the Sacred College, he was not destined to publish any others. This edition, the third, of **The Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians** (Gill: 15s.), is very moderate in price, considering the size and excellent get-up of the book. We are told that it embodies no changes of importance. Upon some questions there is evidently room for a difference of opinion, as, for example, in regard of the *agape* or love-feast (I Cor. xi), of which (agreeing with the late Mgr. Batiffol) we see no clear sign in the New Testament; but, in general, students may look with confidence to this volume for sure and solid guidance.

The New Testament being completed, the Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures from the originals is pursuing a greater if not more important task, the translation of the Old. Already Father Lattey, who is the sole General Editor, has issued *The Book of Malachy*, now the same scholar presents us with the beautiful idyll called **The Book of Ruth** (Longmans: 2s. and 2s. 6d. n.). The story is copiously annotated, whilst an Introduction of forty pages discusses exhaustively its date and setting and the various tribal customs which it illustrates. The fact that Ruth is one of the four Gentile women who figure in Our Lord's ancestry makes her of especial interest to the Christian.

APOLOGETIC.

The modern tendency, which affects even Catholics, to secularize all human behaviour, combined with the fact that our ecclesiastical leaders are calling upon their flocks for more energy and better organization in their campaign for Christ, makes the appearance of an authorized translation of Mgr. Luigi Civardi's authoritative **Manual of Catholic Action** (Sheed & Ward: 6s. n.), by Father Martindale, S.J., a really important event. This is "the Soldier's Pocket Book" of the perennial combat which constitutes the earthly experience of the Church Militant, taken in the main from the actual words of the various Commanders-in-Chief who guide her destinies under Christ. It has stood the test of much employment, for the seventh Italian edition is the basis of Father Martindale's version which, besides excluding what has reference chiefly to Italian conditions (the whole second volume) has been in various ways "adapted" by the translator to the needs of English-speaking Catholics. Until and unless our leaders at home give their sanction to some other guide-book, we cannot imagine a better manual for its immediate purpose of informing and inspiring both officers and rank and file.

Dealing rather with principles, but also envisaging the various

aspects of the lay apostolate, the first volume of a series of Conferences on the subject which, to the number of fifty-six, have appeared or are still to appear in our American contemporary, *The Ecclesiastical Review*, reaches us under the general title **A Call to Catholic Action** (Herder: 8s. 6d.). The thirty discourses in this volume are arranged under ten categories, and there is not much overlapping, although some dozen different experts are employed to develop the proposition. Amongst them is Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., whose seven discourses on "The Wounds in Christ's Mystical Body" show, in a very striking fashion, that personal reformation must needs precede any effective work for the Faith. (These Lenten sermons are also printed separately and may be had for 2s. 6d., paper.) The book has the practical aim of providing matter for the pulpit, and the several expositions are arranged in sermon form.

HOMILETIC.

There is a disarming simplicity combined with much wisdom in **This Way to Heaven**, by the Very Rev. James McGinchey, P.P., V.F. (Gill: 2s. 6d.). It is evident on every page that the author has experience of constant preaching to an "ordinary" congregation, and has taken the greatest pains to speak to it of the "ordinary" things of the Faith. Prayer, the Blessed Sacrament, Sin, especially such sins as are most liable to beset "ordinary" Catholics, Catholic Action, the usual devotions of the Church, the Home and Family—these are among the subjects chosen. On the paper cover is a drawing of Our Lord, simple and true as the contents of the book, yet in its way superb.

DEVOTIONAL.

The purpose of **Jesuit Spirituality**, by Father H. V. Gill, S.J. (Gill: 3s. 6d.), is to give the general reader the main ideas of the Spiritual Exercises, using frequently the words of the Exercises themselves. Father Gill shows well both the connexion of one step with another, and also the practical significance of each step in the making of the perfect man. The section on "The Choice of a State of Life" has evidently been written with exceptional care; nevertheless, it is a delight to read the author's succeeding chapters on Prayer, Methodical and Mystic, and Diversity in Vocal and Mental Prayer. In these Father Gill shows how broad and deep is the mind of St. Ignatius Loyola, in spite of his seeming subjection of devotion to method. The whole book would make excellent reading for one making a private retreat.

A volume containing twenty-one meditations and called **Golden Hours Before the Blessed Sacrament** (Mahon's Printing Works, Dublin: 1s.), has been compiled by Father Laurence, O.D.C., to aid members of the Arch-confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament

to discharge better their monthly hour of adoration. Each meditation—they were originally discourses addressed by Father Laurence to large congregations during the Eucharistic Hour—is worked out in about five pages, so that even those who are not proficient in mental prayer may be able to spend this precious hour in the most salutary manner. A bound edition at 3s. 6d. will shortly be issued.

HISTORICAL.

Apologists for Soviet Russia have to close their eyes firmly to facts which contradict their prejudices. Such books as *Red Gaols* (B.O. & W.: 2s. 6d.), written by a lady who experienced eight years of them, are bound to be classed by those who won't see, as *bourgeois* propaganda. Yet this stark and terrible record bears the stamp of truth, and is vouched for by responsible persons. It cannot say all, since decency precludes the parading of the indecent, but what can be expressed manifests, on the part of official Russia, a disregard of justice, of morality, of life and humanity which, could it only be known and believed by the world at large, would inspire mankind to rise *en masse* to abolish its perpetrators. Yet those responsible for these almost incredible brutalities must be treated, for purposes of trade and politics, as if they were human beings, and not rather demons incarnate!

We are regrettably late in noticing a quarterly publication which started in the seventh-centenary year of the Servite Order, called *Studi Storici sull'Ordine dei Servi di Maria*. Its first issue contained a complete vindication of the Servite claim to be reckoned as the fifth of the great "Mendicant Orders" in the Church, a fact ignored even by von Pastor. There are other scholarly articles in the issue illustrating points in the history of the Order, and five interesting plates.

In spite of its modest title, *Old St. Peter's, the Mother Church of Catholic New York* (1785—1935), by Leo Raymond Ryan, A.B., M.S. (U.S. Catholic Historical Society, New York City), is very much more than a history of the church itself. It is a history of Catholicism in New York from the beginning, under Dutch and English rule, and finally under the rule of the independent republic. In its pages are reflected, not only the wonderful growth of the Church during the last century, but also the vicissitudes the Church must always endure from the need of adjustments within. The author has not troubled to "make the best" of unpleasant facts; he has let the facts speak for themselves. But this makes only the more conspicuous the splendid characters that have built up the Church of New York in the course of the last century. In 1785 the congregation numbered 200, to-day the area which that congregation then covered contains 4,435,559 Catholics! Then it had one priest, now a Cardinal-Archbishop, ten bishops and 5,328 priests!

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The devotion to Père Adolphe Petit grows apace, and already preparations are being made with a view to the introduction of his Cause. Hence the small life which P. Laveille published a few years ago has been soon outgrown, and a larger one, of 450 pages, has been written by the same author: **Un Semeur de Joie, Le Père Adolphe Petit, S.J.: 1822—1914** (Edition Universelle, S.A., 53 rue Royale, Bruxelles: 30.00 fr., belges). No better title could be given to the biography of this simple, selfless apostle, for whom the joy of being accepted by God for the apostolate was reason enough to make him spend his life spreading joy in sanctity wherever he could. If ever there was a man who forgot his own existence in the service of God and others it was little Père Petit; this utter self-forgetfulness was surely the secret of his influence over men and women of every class. But especially he was the priests' priest; he gave himself to them in every way. One reads this life with a feeling that of course it ought to have been so; no striking crucifixions, no excessive heights in prayer, not many of those things usually found in the lives of saints, yet all the time a very torrent of sanctity which sweeps the reader along.

The first victims to Henry the Eighth's murderous wrath were the Carthusian monks hanged at Tyburn, three in May and three in June, 1535. Later on, eleven others were variously done to death by the tyrant in 1537, and finally one in 1540—all staunch in rejecting Henry's impious claim to be head of the English Church. But not all the London Carthusians followed the example of John Houghton, their prior. Some of them took the oath, including Dom Maurice Chauncy, who was finally exiled by Elizabeth, and ended his days, a penitent, renowned for holiness of life, at the Charterhouse of Paris in 1581. Dom Maurice wrote in all four Latin accounts of the martyrdom of his brethren. It is the last and fullest of these, written in 1570, which is now published for the first time, and with an English translation, by the S.P.C.K., at 8s. 6d. n. It is entitled **The Passion and Martyrdom of the Holy English Carthusian Fathers**, and is carefully edited by the Rev. G. W. S. Curtis. There is an excellent introduction on the author and his martyred brethren by Miss E. Margaret Thompson, who has written the history of the English Carthusians. The illustrations are contemporary Italian pictures of the martyrdom. The translation reads well, and, though the author's style is florid, there can be no doubt of his sincerity and exactness, nor of his admiration for the brethren whom he did not imitate. At first sight the story of the end of the London Charterhouse may seem a sad one, being the frustration of a great work—the frontispiece, showing a "communion table" in the monastic chapel where Prior Houghton said that last Mass of the Holy Ghost, enhancing our sorrow—but the heroism of those devoted men whose life and

death St. Thomas More admired and, indeed, imitated, has adorned the annals of the Church with undying splendour.

Amongst the last of the martyr's Lives which appeared on occasion of his canonization in 1935, came **Saint Thomas More** (Gerald Duckworth & Co.: 6s.), by the Rev. Sir John O'Connell, M.A., but it is an original study, owing nothing to these recent biographies and even independent of Professor Chambers's remarkable work, published shortly before. We may say at once that the value of Father O'Connell's "Life" is in no way diminished by these other almost contemporaneous accounts, for, having a profound knowledge of the sources, he has brought to their interpretation a keen critical judgment which not only assesses rightly the judicial career of the great Chancellor, but also exposes every iniquitous device whereby his enemies strove to twist the law so as to find legal cause to condemn him. It is a story which never palls in the telling and which leaves a moral never to be exhausted.

By way of helping to secure that result, Messrs. Sheed & Ward have re-issued, in their "Hart Library" at 5s., Mr. Daniel Sargent's **Thomas More**, first published in 1934 and welcomed in these pages in June of that year. It is distinguished by the skill in which the Saint's character is contrasted with the very unsaintly characters in his environment.

The November issue of the *Fordham Law Review* devotes a long article to **St. Thomas More, Lawyer**, by Brendan F. Brown, wherein the legal import of his resistance to the supreme court of his country, the King in Parliament, is exhaustively discussed. To the layman it is simple enough—*lex injusta, nulla lex*.

The inspiring address given by the President of Fordham University, the Very Rev. A. J. Hogan, S.J., to the Guild of Catholic Lawyers of New York, on occasion of the celebration of the canonization of St. Thomas More last year, has been issued in pamphlet form, **St. Thomas More** (Fordham University Press), the subtitle of which—"Sovereignty over Self through the Sovereignty of God"—clearly indicates the lesson drawn from the Saint's career.

M. Henri Ghéon's **Secret of Saint John Bosco** (Sheed & Ward: 6s.), admirably translated by Mr. Sheed, is a companion volume to his *Secret of the Curé d'Ars* and is conceived in the same light and easy spirit. It is a tale of sanctity, of sanctity mingled, as it must be, with profound humanity. The Saint moves in the world we know, and achieves there the impossible. Miracles abound; they should not impress us the less because they are too numerous to allow of more than passing mention. There is a note on page 189 for those who find the tale of Grigio, the miracle-dog, a trifle difficult. The Saint died in 1888. In 1934 there were 9,444 priests and 959 novices of his Congregation in 718 houses; and the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians numbered 7,768 and had 712 foundations. *Digitus Dei est hic!*

LITERARY.

It was a happy thought to signalize the golden jubilee of the religious profession of Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., towards the end of last year, by the publication of a choice selection of his articles and essaylets, illustrative of the active and many-sided zeal for righteousness for which he is noted. There is hardly one of these papers that is not eminently worth preserving—from the sympathetic estimate of Francis Thompson, soon to be commemorated in London by the Grail's performance of his masterpiece, "The Hound of Heaven"—to the re-statement of the Catholic attitude in Education, set forth in the hierarchy's historic declaration in 1929. Father Vincent's life has been spent in putting first things first, and his readers will surely be inspired by this record of his ideals to join him in his task. **Francis Thompson and other Essays**, beautifully printed by St. Dominic's Press, Ditchling (at 5s. n.), is further enriched by a striking painting of the author by Vanneth Green, and a warm appreciation of his character by G. K. Chesterton.

Mr. S. B. James, convinced that the spirit of English Catholicism has lost some useful ingredients through the prolonged check on natural development caused by the Reformation, has written in **Back to Langland** (Sands: 3s. 6d. n.) a series of essays to show that we may recover, from the great Saxon poet, some of the healthy austerity characteristic of pre-Reformation England. It is notoriously difficult to re-create from the writings of poets and preachers an accurate picture of a bygone age, but at any rate in the living tradition of the Church we have a substantial link with the past, and it is a matter of faith that no substantial alteration of that tradition is possible. Although, no doubt, national temperament may rightly modify the expression of our Faith, we doubt whether it is wise, in days when exaggerated nationalism tends to obscure the unity of the human race itself, to plead for the development of national religious qualities. The substantial of Catholicity are the same everywhere. Mr. James himself says—"We turn from Langland's pages to the Gospels to discover how English they are!" (p. 163). Rather, we should suggest—how Catholic they are both in space and time! Many of the "authorities" whose words he borrows to illustrate the past are themselves non-Catholic, and thus lack one pre-requisite to the understanding of it.

FICTION.

A collection of dainty stories, delicate as fine china and fragrant as flowers, are published in a volume called **Break Thou My Heart** (Coldwell: 7s. 6d.; Bruce Publishing Co.: \$1.75), by Miss V. M. Tracy. The workmanship is as skilful as the material is choice: the whole is sentiment at its best and purest, with nothing mawkish

or false to spoil it. Miss Tracy—we know no higher form of praise—is of the sisterhood of Miss Agnes Repplier.

It is not easy to write a truly human story round characters that are to stand for and personify ideas. They are too often just thrown upon a screen instead of being rounded off in their concrete humanity. Miss Barbara Lucas, in a second novel *The Trembling of the Sea* (Constable: 7s. 6d.), which follows hard upon her successful first book of a year ago, has to a large extent achieved this. It is the tale of Chris, a London girl, who is an enthusiastic worker for the Communist cause. To her, as to a friend, Bill, for whom her friendship never develops into the love he would have it attain, "work" is the sordid need to *gagner la vie*; "WORK" the higher devotion to the Party and its ideals. A strained separation and the crisis which follows an aimless period in the country sends her abroad, frightened and harried by remorse. There a chance meeting with Peter, who edits a Catholic paper in England, opens to her the gates of other-worldliness and faith. A fresh and pleasing style with a note of brightness that is appealing; a certain breathlessness that mirrors the young modern idealist, whether "left" or orthodox; a vivid dialogue sensitive to the play and jerkiness of spontaneous conversation; an understanding of idealism in many forms. These are a few characteristics of a book of considerable achievement and fair promise. It is marred by some redundancies of dialogue and in one or two places by over-frank, even unpleasant detail. Perhaps Miss Lucas will one day give us the spiritual *Odyssey* of a deeper and more worthy character than Chris.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. William Bliss is rapidly making himself the prose-laureate of the little rivers of England, having already described *Through the Heart of England by Waterway*, and written a treatise on *Canoeing* for the learner, and now having further embellished his theme by publishing *Rapid Rivers* (Wetherby: 8s. 6d.). This concerns only four or five of the numerous swift-flowing streams—those cradled in England's Yorkshire, Welsh or Lake-land highlands, and navigable, with courage and skill, in Canadian canoes—out of many of the author's acquaintance, and it should reveal to the growing multitudes who hike or bike away from the oppression of urban life what unspoilt treasures of scenery and solitude are within their reach in this more adventurous mode of progression. This particular canoeist is also something of a poet and philosopher, for his descriptions manifest the seeing eye and his moralizings show a sane and healthy and Catholic outlook on life as remote from Puritanism as from licence. He seems, however, occasionally to forget that Christian asceticism is not in any way akin to Manichaeism. His pages are made more intelligible by well-drawn maps and more lively by exciting illustra-

tions, and one closes the book with the happy reflection that there are lots more rivers in this little island undescribed so far, and lots of mellow wisdom and literary appreciation hitherto unventilated by our canoeist.

Father Etienne Robo tells us that his **Medieval Farnham** (Langham: 21s. [signed and numbered edition], and 12s. 6d. [popular edition]) has been written primarily for the Farnham people; but we hope it will delight a far larger public, both of specialists and general readers. The results of scholarly research have been set forth in an attractive and often in a vivid form. It is pleasant to pass through the Farnham of 1300, to watch kings and bishops with their long baggage trains enter the town, to hear the local gossip, and above all to turn from the abstract "typical manor" of the textbooks to this description of a manor as it really was. Three Lords of the Manor have been selected as the subjects of special studies: Pierre des Roches, Aylmer de Valence and William of Wykeham. A section deals with the Castle and another about the Borough and Neighbourhood contains an interesting essay on "The Black Death in the Hundred of Farnham," reprinted from the *English Historical Review*. Catholic readers will take most interest in the account of Religious and Parochial Life, and of the change of religion which concludes the book, especially perhaps in the study of wills, in the years before the great change, which show the continued devotion of Farnham people to their Church. There are twenty-four full-page illustrations, and the book contains a good index. Fittingly enough, it has been printed locally, and, may we add, extraordinarily well.

We hope that at least a large proportion of those multitudes who have revelled in Dr. Halliday Sutherland's delightful books of reminiscences—*The Arches of the Years* and *A Time to Keep*, will read his new work **Laws of Life** (Sheed & Ward: 6s. n.), and thus become aware of the Catholic (and rational) answer to the many social problems which drive the modern de-Christianized world to the adoption of sinful practices. We need only mention the immoral remedies suggested or employed as the solution of such problems—euthanasia, sterilization, contraception, abortion, divorce—to realize how great is the danger to civilization resulting from ignorance of the true character of these devices. The ignorance is both medical and ethical, and the author concentrates mainly on removing the former. In seventeen chapters crammed with clear information, he examines in the light of actual experience and established fact the assumptions on which various antinomian projects and practices are based. The subject of "birth control," for instance, is subjected to a searching analysis, and the stages of its deplorable increase recorded. At the same time the author finds that it is only a supplementary cause of the world-wide decline in the birth rate—the main reason being some obscure physio-

logical law according to which fertility varies inversely with easy circumstances of living. The chapter on the "safe period" deserves careful study by those concerned, but there is no topic—alcohol, heredity, Malthusian theories, war, the growth and decay of nations—to which Dr. Sutherland does not bring the analysis of a well-informed mind, convinced that it is the practice of righteousness that exalteth nations, even in the temporal order. The book would perhaps be the better for careful revision by a competent moralist, used to the employment of exact terminology, but the men and women for whom it is intended will not miss nor mistake its salutary lessons.

M. Henri Ghéon has collected, in his book **Noël! Noël!** (Flammarion: 5.50 fr.), a vast collection of most charming pictures of the Christmas Feast and events connected with it—the reproductions from ancient illuminated MSS., five of which are in colour, are of exceptional interest and most beautifully reproduced.

SOCIOLOGY.

Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne have recently re-issued (2s. 6d.) an early work (1913) of Father Bede Jarrett entitled **Medieval Socialism**. It is a clear and attractive study, in concise form, of social conditions during the Middle Ages in England, of the Schoolmen's teaching on social questions, and of the opinions of medieval lawyers and social reformers. The re-issue should be of interest not only to the historian but to the Catholic who likes to look back upon an age when the Church was the arbiter of public morals, and particularly to anyone concerned with social questions and social reform. The book is eminently readable and is not burdened with technical terms.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The C.T.S. have some interesting new twopenny pamphlets this month. Father Martindale's **St. Francis Xavier** will surely have a wide sale, and all who admired and loved **Father Philip Fletcher**, the Ransomer, will want to read the excellent little *Life* of him by G. Elliot Anstruther. The new pamphlet on **Psycho-Analysis**, by Dr. C. L. C. Burns, gives all necessary information regarding the proper Catholic attitude to modern developments of the sort. In the smaller format **Youth** and **The Holy Ghost** are handy reprints from the late Father Bede Jarrett's well-known "Meditations for Layfolk"; **Catholic Customs in the Church** and **Catholic Customs in the Home**, by Dom Ethelbert Horne, give clear descriptions of the efflorescence of the genuine Catholic spirit.

A little Christmas Play, **Bethlehem**, by Bernard Walke (Methuen: 1s. 6d.), will be welcomed by schools and parishes at the appropriate season.

Stories of Blessed Julie, by S.N.D. (B.O. & W.), are charmingly told for children, each page facing a delightful illustration.

One issue of *The Catholic Mind*, that of February 8th, is almost entirely taken up by the official translation of the Holy Father's Encyclical on the Catholic Priesthood. The Mexican Hierarchy's Pastoral Letter on Socialist Education is also included, and is of great interest.

A short comedy by G. H. Murphy, called *Roses and Primroses* (The Valley Publishing Co.: 1s. n.), portrays an amusing scene in an office.

A sober indictment of the persecution policy of the Mexican Government—the more deadly because so moderate—is furnished by the well-known American diplomatist, William Franklin Sands, in a report called *The Present Condition of the Church in Mexico*, which is the fruit of an investigation made under the auspices of the "American Committee on Religious Rights and Minorities." Mr. Sands sums up judiciously against the Mexican Government—a small group in control of the State functions and forces oppressing a backward and unorganized majority.

A second up-to-date edition of the C.S.G., *Handbook of Catholic Charitable Organizations* (C.S.G.: 2s.), appears just in time to be serviceable in the re-marshalling and co-ordination of the Catholic forces inaugurated by the hierarchy.

EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted. As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

BLACKWELL, Oxford.

Who's Who in Boswell? By J. L. Smith Dampier. Pp. 366. Price, 10s. 6d. n.

BLOUET ET GAY, Paris.

Histoire de l'Eglise. Vol. I. By J. Lebreton and Jacques Zeiller. Pp. 474. Price, 60.00 fr. *Essai de Sociologie*. By Luigi Struzo. Pp. 247. Price, 20.00 fr.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD., London.

Stories of Blessed Julie. Illustrated. By S.N.D. Pp. 20.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, London.

Italy in the Making. By G. F. H. and J. Berkeley. Pp. xiv, 374. Price, 21s. n.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA, Washington.

French Catholic Missionaries in the Present United States (1604-1791). By Sister Mary Doris Mulvey, O.P. Pp. 158.

CITÉ CHRÉTIENNE, Brussels.

La Vie Spirituelle du Père de Foucauld. By Chanoine Jean Dermine,

- Pp. 138. Price, 12.00 fr. *Vie Intérieure*. By Abbé Jacques Leclercq. Pp. 400. Price, 27.00 fr.
 COLDWELL, London.
Rome from Within. By Selden P. Delany. Pp. xiv, 287. Price, 8s. 6d.
Catholic Life and Action. By Berchmans Bittle, O.M.Cap. Pp. 386. Price, 8s. 6d.
 DESCLÉE, Paris.
Ecole Thérésienne. By P. Gabriel de S. M. Madeleine. Pp. 160. Price, 12.00 fr.
 FORDHAM UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York.
The Historical Scholarship of Saint Robert Bellarmine. By E. A. Ryan, S.J. Pp. xiv, 226.
 HERDER, London.
The Child's Bible History. Illustrated. By the Rt. Rev. F. J. Knecht. Pp. 104. Price, 1s. *My Changeless Friend*. Tenth thousand. By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. Pp. 57. Price, 1s. 9d. *The Wounds in Christ's Mystical Body*. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Pp. 60. Price, 2s. 6d. *The Lord's Prayer*. By the Rt. Rev. Mgr. H. T. Henry. Pp. 96. Price, 2s. 6d. *God His Existence and His Nature*. Vol. II. By P. Garrigou-Lagrange. Pp. vi, 576. Price, 16s. *The Illustrated Bible History*. By Rev. I. Schuster. Pp. 388. Price, 3s. *Religious Teaching and Practice*. By Rudolph G. Bandas. Pp. vii, 118. Price, 6s. *A Call to Catholic Action*. By various authors. Pp. 200. Price, 8s. 6d. *Our Boys*. By the Rev. Frederick Reuter. Pp. 296. Price, 9s.
 LETHIELLEUX, Paris.
Oeuvres Sacerdotales. By Saint Jean Eudes. Pp. vi, 550. Price, 20.00 fr. *Théologie et Piété*. By R. P. Timothée Richard, O.P. Pp. 384. Price, 15.00 fr.
 LONGMANS, London.
The Precepts of the Church. By Rev. Bernard Clements. Pp. 68. Price, 2s. 6d. n. *The Gospel and the Catholic Church*. By A. M. Ramsey. Pp. xiv, 238. Price, 7s. 6d. *The Student's introduction to the Synoptic Gospels*. By E. Basil Redlich. Pp. xii, 275. Price, 7s. 6d. *A Cambridge Bede Book*. By Eric Milner-White. Pp. viii, 143. Price, 5s. n. *Vita Christi*. Vol. V. By Mother St. Paul. Pp. viii, 167. Price, 5s. n.
 MARIÉ & MARIETTI, Turin.
Philosophiae Christianae Institutiones. Vol. III. By Father Bernardus M. Mariani. Pp. xxxii, 710. Price, 28.00 l.
 OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, London.
The Balance of the Continents. By Mariano H. Cornéjo. Pp. ix, 220. Price, 6s. 6d. n. *The Origins of Jansenism*. By Nigel Abercrombie. Pp. xii, 341. Price, 15s. n.
 PUSTET, Regensburg.
Die Frohbotschaft und unsere Glaubensverkündigung. By Josef A. Jungmann, S.J. Price, 4.50 rm. *Gott, der erste Beweger aller Dinge*. By Johann Stuffer, S.J. Pp. 183. Price, 6.00 rm.
 RUSHWORTH & DREAPER, LTD. Liverpool.
First Book of Short Organ Interludes. By Dom Gregory Murray, O.S.B. Pp. 16. Price, 2s. 6d.
 ST. MATTHEW'S BOOKSTALL, Washington.
The Present Condition of the Church in Mexico. By William F. Sands. Pp. 22. Price, 10 c.
 THE AUTHOR, ST. TERESA'S, Clarendon Street, Dublin.
Golden Hours before the Blessed Sacrament. By Rev. Father Laurence, O.D.C. Pp. 170. Price, 1s. 2d. post free, bound, 3s. 6d.
 SHEED & WARD, London.
The Spirit of Medieval Philosophy. By Etienne Gilson. Pp. ix, 490. Price, 15s. n. *An Augustine Synthesis*. By Erich Przywara, S.J. Pp. xvi, 496. Price, 12s. 6d. n. *Thomas More*. By Daniel Sargent. Pp. 299. Price, 5s. n. *The Greatest of the Borgias*. By Margaret Yeo. Pp. ix, 318. Price, 7s. 6d. n. *The True Prayers of St. Gertrude and St. Mechtilde*. Translated by Canon John Gray. Pp. v, 199. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
 S.P.C.K., London.
Eucharistic Doctrine and Reunion. By the Rev. A. H. Rees. Pp. 24. Price, 1s. n.
 TÊQUI, Paris.
Pensées Choiesies. By Pascal. Pp. x, 81. Price, 1.50 fr. *Foyers Brûlés*. By Abbé Charles Grimaud. Pp. 182. Price, 1.10 fr. *Le Pain des Grands*. By Chanoine E. Duplessy. Tome III. Pp. 308. Price, 12.00 fr. *Manuel d'Etudes Bibliques*. By Abbé Collomb. Pp. 580. Price, 30.00 fr. *La Doctrine Spirituelle du Père Louis Lallemant*. By Aloys Pottier, S.J. Pp. xxxvi, 530. Price, 20.00 fr.
 THE VALLEY PUBLISHING CO., Watford.
Roses and Primroses. By G. H. Murphy. Pp. 16. Price, 1s.

n.
ly
o.
n-
p.

u-
g-
is,
By
e,

tr-
y,

ch
ls.

sed
ce,
ost

ty.
ce,
By
6.
By
gs.
By
ce,
St.
ns-
v,

on.
24.

Pp.
82.
da.
ame
uel
mb.
ec-
ille-
Pp.

ord.
H.